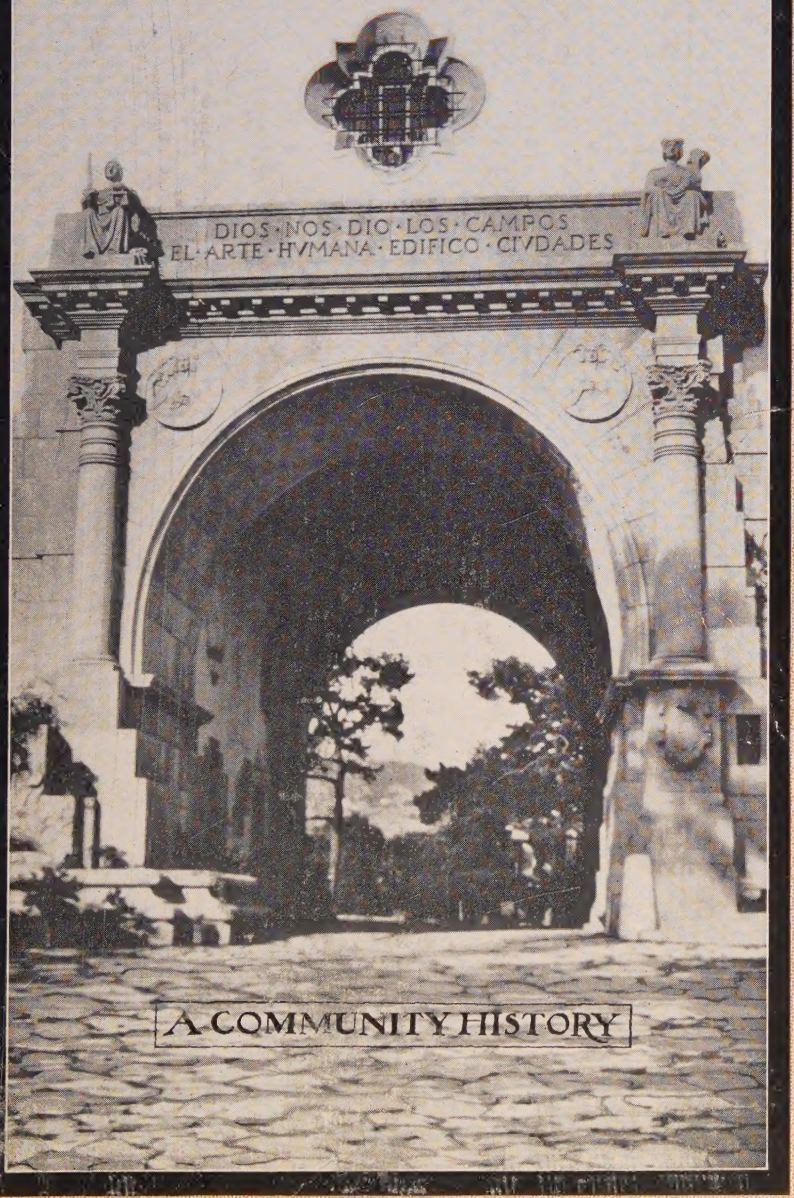
SANTA BARBARA

TIERRA ADORADA



A COMMUNITY HISTORY

Santa Barbara

THIS statue of the lovely patroness has stood above the high altar at the Old Mission for more than a century. As the nimbus frames her face in glory, mountains halo her namesake city.

Courage, faith and constancy were exemplified in the life of Saint Barbara. May her city emulate her virtues and stand fast by its ideals!

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TIERRA ADORADA

A COMMUNITY HISTORY

PUBLISHED BY THE

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PREPARED BY
LAURANCE L. HILL, PUBLICITY MANAGER
AND MARION PARKS, PUBLICITY ASSISTANT
SECURITY-FIRST NATIONAL BANK

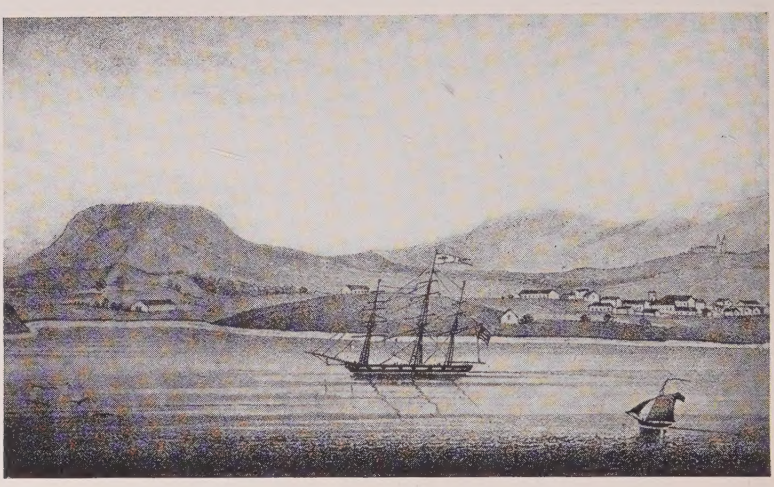
IN MEMORIAM

GEORGE SEXTON EDWARDS was one who gave substance to men's hopes. To the welfare and progress of his community he devoted all the years of his manhood; and he won the love of everyone who knew him. ¶ He was sought for his sound advice, chosen to serve because of his superior ability, cherished for his sweet character and boundless kindness. He was rarely in the foreground of affairs, but he was always on hand—accessible to all, unfailingly ready to listen, to understand, to extend faith and give material aid beyond any living person's knowledge. ¶ Santa Barbara was *tierra adorada* to him as it is to those who remain to follow where he led, and like him give themselves and their means to make it more beautiful and more lovely. He was keenly interested and extraordinarily helpful in the preparation of this book.

To him we dedicate it. To Santa Barbara
we give it in his name.

FOREWORD

DOUBTLESS since the dawn of creation, Nature has smiled upon this gently curving strand, caressed by baby breakers, cherished by majestic mountains and sheltered from tempestuous seas and cold north winds by rock-bound isles of the sea. Poetic Latins named it for Barbara, one of the sweetest of their Saints. ¶ From the time when superior aborigines lit here their first home fires and the Padres with unerring instinct chose it for fruitful tillage and a flourishing Mission site, particular people have sought this charmed spot. ¶ While rampant revolutionists and frantic boomers passed it by, Santa Barbara basked in Nature's smiles and thrived, ever luring the cultured, the artistic, the affluent,—and ever daring to be different. ¶ It is therefore with unbounded satisfaction that the *Security-First National Bank* claims a home in this distinctive community,—this treasure house of California traditions, and undertakes the pleasing task of presenting this brief history as a tribute to Santa Barbara's refreshing individuality and high achievements.



The first sketch of Santa Barbara, from Robinson's "Life in California," written in the late thirties.

SANTA BARBARA

TIERRA ADORADA

Old Spanish Days

IN OLD SPANISH DAYS of Alta California, one hundred years ago, the Mission-Presidio of Santa Barbara stood second in prestige only to the capital, Monterey,—and acknowledged no peer anywhere in point of Castilian aristocracy.

In the primal structure of the civic entity were implanted at their best the essential fibres—civil, military, ecclesiastic—of the distinctive civilization of Alta California. Warm hearts and love of living, high pride and noble bearing, supreme faith and unending devotion—these were the elements of Spain's legacy to Santa Barbara. Other California towns similarly were started out on highroads to beauty and distinctiveness, but elsewhere this bequest has been often squandered, or ignored, in the heat of desire to grow "big and Gringo and banal."

Two years from now the Old Spanish Days fiesta will occur just a few months prior to the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the founding of El Presidio Real de Santa Barbara, the little adobe-walled Spanish military settlement out of which has grown the city of today. But those one hundred fifty years do not cover quite half the span of time back to Santa Barbara's first Old Spanish Days.

October of 1930 will mark the passage of 388 years since the yellow and red standard of Castilla y Leon first appeared on the horizon off Santa Barbara, proudly borne by the flagship *San Salvador,* with Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo on the bridge.

It was in middle October, 1542, that Juan Rodríguez, known better to us as Cabrillo, discovered the Bay of Santa Barbara, the Islands and the Channel and laid claim to them in the name of the King of Spain. Just fifty years to the month had passed since Columbus had discovered this continent.

The great figure of the intrepid navigator belongs particularly to Santa Barbara. It was at one of these Channel Islands that he came into his last harbor and his voyages into unknown seas were brought to a close.

DON JOSE ANTONIO JULIAN DE LA GUERRA Y NORIEGA
Through his veins " . . . coursed the veritable *sangre azul* of Castile." " . . . his name still holds sway upon this city . . . "

Rodríguez Cabrillo entered the Santa Barbara Channel on October 13. After visiting and naming each of the islands, he proceeded northward until driven back by the severity of the winter storms. On one of the Islands he was overtaken by death as a result of a fall, and the drifting sands have obliterated all trace of his grave.

It is said by some historians that he landed on the site of the present City of Santa Barbara. Certain it is that he was the first European to reach this shore, and in all the history of the coast since his time will be found no braver figure than that of this Juan Rodríguez.

Sixty years passed before the second voyage of consequence in the story of Santa Barbara took place.

With three good ships and a company of some 200 hardy souls, Sebástian Vizcaino undertook a detailed exploration of the coast of California in the year 1602. An expert map maker and several other officers and counsellors were included in his party, but of them all it was a certain Carmelite friar, Father Antonio de la Ascención, who left the major impress upon the new country for all time, by naming the places they saw.

"The magnificent Court House of today stands near the very place where he made camp."

Vizcaino's fleet entered the Channel December 4, 1602, and came to anchor in the bay before the Indian villages that occupied the site of the future beautiful city. This was the festival day of the Virgin-Martyr Santa Barbara, and in her honor, Fray António bestowed her musical name upon both the Channel and the mainland.

After the last sail of Vizcaino's fleet had slipped out of sight over the edge of the world, the Indians of the Channel remained in undisturbed possession of their ancestral villages for 157 years longer.

Not until then, aroused by fears of foreign aggression from the North Pacific did Spain think the shores of primitive California worth the trouble and expense of colonizing. Neither glory nor riches did this far province seem to offer to the military and political-minded. But Spain had her missionaries — men who asked the rewards of their faith alone.

The combination of their zeal and the threatening shadow of Russia at last initiated, in 1769, the establishment of Spain in Alta California through the Franciscan Order of Missionary Friars.

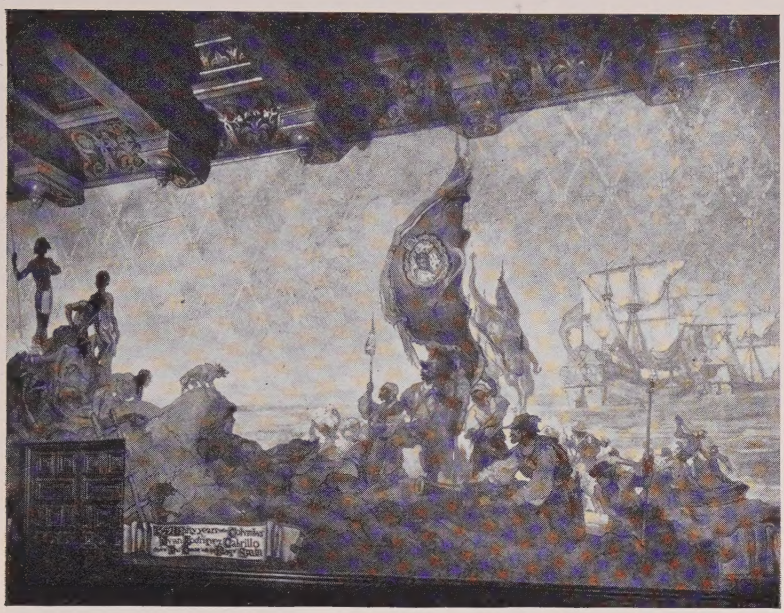
It was then that the first overland travelers of European origin, members of the Serra-Portolá expedition of 1769, under command of that true soldier, Captain Gaspar de Portolá, camped on the site of the present city, on a journey northward from San Diego in search of the famous port of Monterey.

Among that company was one whose name was to become famous in the annals of Santa Barbara. The magnificent Court House of today stands near the very place where he made camp. This was José Francisco Ortega. Thirteen years afterward he returned to this place as first Comandante and founding organizer of the Royal Presidio of Santa Barbara.

As Portolá and Ortega proceeded northward through the Channel villages, they were welcomed warmly by the aboriginal inhabitants, who swarmed around them with demonstrations of friendliness.

Father Crespí, the historian of the expedition, remarked in his journal: "Our only object in traveling today was to get rid of so many people. . . . They were not satisfied with spreading food before us, but also desired to amuse us. . . . We dismissed them, . . . but in vain. As soon as darkness had set in, they returned, blowing horns, the infernal noise of which was sufficient to tear our ears to pieces."

It is to the vision of California's most able Spanish governor, Felipe de Neve, that Santa Barbara owes its inception. In the eight or ten thousand Indians along the Channel, he could see at least potential risk of interrupted transit between the districts



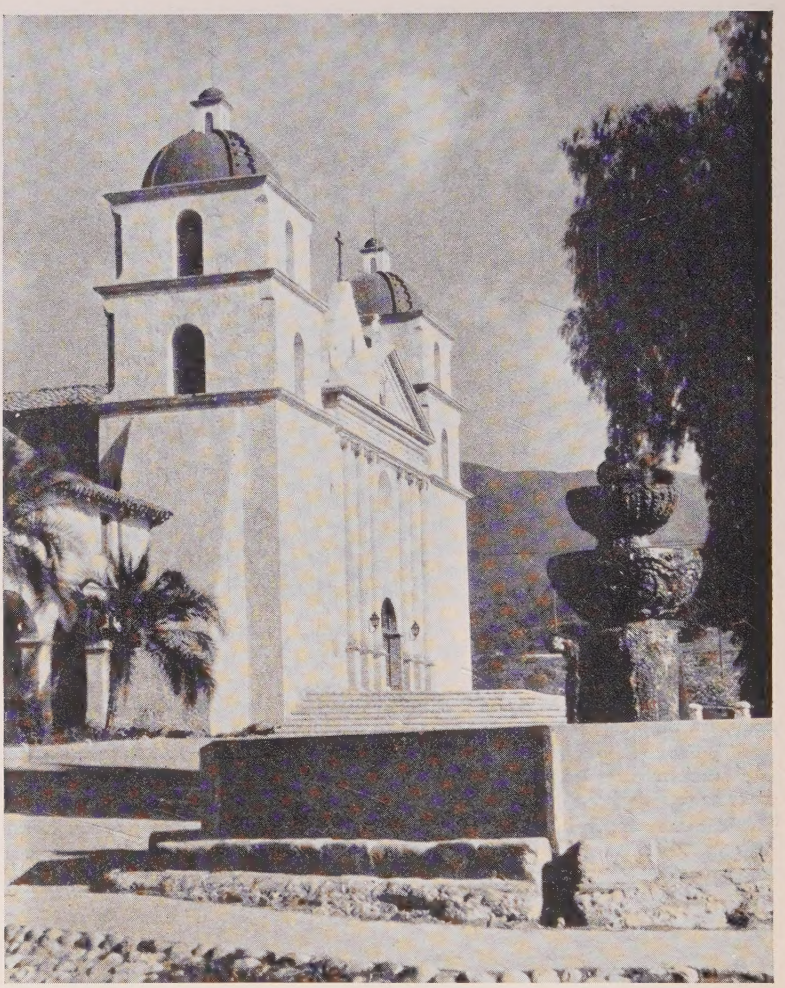
The walls of the Board of Supervisors' room present a pageant of the early history of Santa Barbara County.

of San Diego and Monterey, and he desired to found a central establishment to strengthen the whole province.

To Father Serra, the teeming Indian population of the district had always appealed as a wonderful vineyard for his apostolic labors, and he had long hoped for an opportunity to establish missions in that area.

The one with civil, the other with religious advance for the colony uppermost in

Corner of guard house of the Presidio from a photograph taken in the early seventies.



SANTA BARBARA MISSION
Magnificent monument of a pioneer civilization.

mind, Felipe de Neve and the Father-President disagreed as to the basis upon which the proposed mission of Santa Barbara was to be founded. This delayed its establishment. But to the founding of the city itself, Junípero Serra gave the seal and benediction of his presence.

On April 21, 1782, the Governor and the Father-President jointly conducted the ceremony which gave actual existence to the Royal Presidio of Santa Barbara, under an arbor of boughs erected near the intersection of the present Cañon Perdido and Santa Barbara Streets.

Thirty-six *soldados de cuera,* or leather jacket soldiers, and a group of Indian auxiliaries were present at the founding. Many of their descendants became prominent in the city which grew out of the little Presidio. The list of their officers includes names of distinction: First Lieutenant José Francisco Ortega; Ensigns Pablo Antonio Cota and José Darío Arguello; Sergeants José Raimundo Carillo, José María Ortega and Ignácio Olivera; Corporals Pedro Amador and Ignácio Rodríguez.

The Mission in the late eighties, showing a few remaining trees of the once flourishing orchards planted by the padres.

Founding and Dedication of the Mission

IT WAS a source of bitter disappointment to the good Father Junípero when the founding of Mission Santa Barbara was postponed.

Returning to Carmelo, the Padre-Presidente died two years after the founding of the Presidio of Santa Barbara and still two years before the dedication of this Mission of his dreams. The religious ceremonies dedicating the Presidio were one of the last official acts of his life. Thus the City of Santa Barbara which has grown out of that small mud-walled fortress-town, has particular reason for venerating the memory of this truly seraphic spirit.

When the long-desired Mission was at last founded, it was accomplished by a worthy successor to the great Father-President. Santa Barbara was the first mission established by Fermín Francisco Lasuén, second Padre-Presidente of the Alta California Missions, whose glory in that office was exceeded only by that of his illustrious predecessor himself.

"Love of fiestas and pageants out-of-doors comes down to the Barbareños . . . from Provincial Days."

FATHER AUGUSTINE OBRECHT, O. F. M.
was largely responsible for the success and accuracy of restoration of the Mission in 1925.

In the year 1786, Padre Lasuén came down from San Carlos to found the new mission on the Channel. The complete ceremony of dedication could not be concluded without the presence of the Governor, but when, on December 4, the feast day of the patroness Santa Barbara came, and the Governor had failed to arrive, the Padre-Presidente consecrated the ground and raised a cross upon the site that had been chosen for the new mission. This pious act made December 4 genuinely the birthday of the new mission, of which the ceremony that took place ten days later in the presence of Governor Pedro Fages might be considered simply a confirmation.

On the altars of this mission, alone among the twenty-one of Alta California, the sacred fire has never gone out from that day to this. It alone has the distinction of

"The first reservoir the padres built is still supplying water to Santa Barbara." It was constructed in 1806. This picture, taken about 1885, shows it at right.

having remained in unbroken succession in the hands of the Franciscan Order which founded it.

Mission Santa Barbara was successful from the beginning. Situated in the near neighborhood of several populous rancherías, it soon could boast a large body of neophytes, who were among the most docile, friendly, and intelligent of all the California Indians. Its fields were productive, its herds multiplied, and erection of the buildings went on apace.

Aeroplane view of the Mission and beautiful St. Anthony's Seminary. The latter was founded in 1896.

TRINIDAD ORTEGA
"The beauty of California" . . . Lieutenant E. O. C. Ord called her "Springtime," and named Spring Street, Los Angeles, in her honor.

Four chapels in succession were built upon the site of the present one, the first being but a mere *enramada* of boughs. As the number of the faithful grew, new chapels were substituted for old ones grown too small. The second one was of adobe, with thatched roof; the third was larger, with adobe walls and a roof of tile.

When the Indians under their tutelage had become skilled in labor, the padres undertook construction of the great stone buildings still standing today. The site where the buildings stood had been named appropriately in early times, *El Pedregoso* — The Rocky. Enormous quantities of sandstone were ready at hand for their work, and of it they began to rear the buttressed walls, six feet thick, in the year 1815. A curious thing about it is that the new church seems to have been built *over and around* the old, which was not razed until the new edifice was completed in 1820.

From the Bay in those days the white Mission buildings on the hill were seen to

Mission Santa Ynez, as Vischer sketched it in sixties, was founded in 1804. It is one of the three Missions in Santa Barbara County.

dominate the landscape in benevolent majesty. No traveler failed to notice them or to be impressed by their dignity and splendor.

Just thirty-five years after the Mission was founded, invitation was issued throughout all California for the solemn dedication of the magnificent structure we know as the Mission today. To the guests who attended this ceremony, the stone church and the monastery with its arched corridor must have looked then almost as they do today, except that one of the towers still remained to be completed. But in contrast to the present, the surrounding scene was even more impressive. Toward the town in front of the Mission extended a three-acre orchard, where many kinds of fruits grew luxuriantly. At the west end of the Mission extended a widespreading olive grove, and toward the cañon to the east lay the vineyard. From its prolific purple harvest the padres produced wine which made the Mission famous.

Within the Mission courtyards, all kinds of industry were in progress — there was the spinning and weaving of *serapes,* and every kind of wood and metal work. Even

". . . its herds multiplied . . ." From a Vischer painting.

Casa De la Guerra in the nineties. This interesting old house, completed in 1827, and told of by Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast," has become the nucleus of an artistic renaissance in Santa Barbara.

today before the Mission may be seen the remains of the tanneries, with the three great vats of solid masonry which were built as early as 1802.

Beyond the adobe walls, with their rock foundations and solid buttresses, which surrounded the Mission gardens and orchards, multitudinous flocks and herds grazed in cañons or on the Mission ranchos. Nestled close to the great buildings of the Mission itself, lay the rows and rows of adobe houses or barracks where lived the Indian neophytes whose labor had been the means of producing all these things.

In order that these acres might blossom, the padres had performed a feat of engineering skill no less brilliant than the building of the Mission church itself, by bringing the waters of Mission Creek upon them by means of a series of dams, stone aqueducts and reservoirs.

"Ancient dances were revived. . . . Once again adobe walls rang with laughter and music . . ."

"A Street in Spain." With the De la Guerra House as a nucleus, the Plans and Planting Committee showed what Santa Barbara might do with an architecture of her own.

Except where they have been destroyed by the work of man, elements of this remarkably excellent water system remain intact. The very first reservoir they built is still taking art in supplying water to the City of Santa Barbara. It was build under the direction of Padre Ripoll, one hundred thirty-two years ago.

The completion of the great stone church was worthy of the brilliant celebration which the padres planned in honor of its solemn dedication.

When the day came, September 10, 1820, the Padres were prepared for it with fireworks and many other things. Prelates from other missions made long journeys in order to be present, while from Santa Ynez and San Fernando came many neophytes with their musicians and dancers. The corridor and all the cool, dim reception rooms of the adobe convent resounded to the voices and laughter of a great company of officials and first citizens who assembled to assist in this most joyful celebration.

From Monterey had come Governor Pablo Vicente Sola himself to act as *Padrino*, or godfather, to the new church. The captain and commander of the Presidio, Don José De la Guerra, with his troops and officers, in all their glitter of uniform and courtliness, was present. It cannot be doubted that the señoras were there, too, in silks and shawls and mantillas—quite as gorgeous as legend has ever painted them.

DON PABLO DE LA GUERRA
Most prominent of the sons of Don José. He was a member of the California Constitutional Convention, State Senator, District Judge, among many other public offices.

After appropriate religious ceremonies and the great illumination of all the altars, amid the merry ringing of the bells, padre and neophyte and governor alike gave themselves over to the joy of fiesta in honor of the noble, finished work.

Food, drink and shelter were provided for every one. Even houses of the townspeople as well as the Mission and the barracks were filled with guests. "Since the number of people was so large," confessed the padres writing of it, "it cost something; but the expenses were well applied, because without, all was clatter, merriment, and diversion . . . "

Thus they inaugurated the reign of Santa Barbara, Queen of the Missions.

Blueblooded Founders

ITS strategic position made the Royal Presidio of Santa Barbara a place of importance from the beginning, but above that, few cities can claim a more distinguished group of founders and first citizens.

Dona Josefa Moreno Castro De la Guerra
As she appeared at the time of her marriage to Don Pablo.

They were not all Grandees of Spain, some of them not even born on the fringe of court circles, but they were men of character and loyalty, with a natural polish of manners that added charm to their sturdiness. And there were hereditary aristocrats of the bluest blood among them.

Like all other enterprises carried out under the direction of José Francisco de Ortega, first Comandante of Santa Barbara, the buildings, walls and irrigation works which he planned for the new Presidio Real were soundly constructed. According to Serra's biographer, Fray Palou, it was said that the site selected "looked dismal and had but little water." That it was chosen with good judgment is shown by the fact that after the passage of 150 years in a country of many changes, the original Presidio site is within two blocks of the center of the city today. It will probably remain for another hundred years the center of Santa Barbara, for the walls of the original Presidio stood in the very heart of the small valley where nestles the city, tree-embowered.

Eleven years after the founding, the Governor was able to refer to the Presidio of Santa Barbara as being in the best condition of any in California.

Santa Barbara has "a comprehensive scheme for architectural harmony and beauty in the new city."

The First Comandante

THIS was the accomplishment of Captain José Francisco de Ortega, whose works have proclaimed him an outstanding figure in the founding of Spanish Alta California. The record of practically every major expedition and enterprise during the fifteen years from the date of his arrival as Sergeant with Don Gaspar de Portolá and Father Serra

No automobiles are allowed in the annual parade of "Old Spanish Days" fiesta.

De la Guerra House as it appears today. Still occupied by members of the family, its charming Spanish traditions are maintained to this day.

in 1769, to his appointment as first Comandante of the Presidio Real de Santa Barbara, includes his name. He is called the pathfinder of the initial expedition of 1769, "in which he distinguished himself for his tireless activity," and won the high regard of Father Serra; and is acclaimed the discoverer of San Francisco Bay. Don José Francisco was Comandante of the Presidio de Santa Barbara until 1784.

"Old Spanish Days" was designed not to be a show, but a real fiesta for the people of Santa Barbara and their friends."

Civic organizations use the historic adobes for their meeting places. The old Arrellanes adobe served as the "Neighborhood House."

As his successors in the office of Comandante, Santa Barbara claims four of the most prominent figures of Alta California days, Felipe de Goycoechea, who later became Governor of Baja California; José Raimundo Carrillo, founder of a brilliant California family; Captain José Darío Arguello, for many years "the most prominent, influential and respected man in California;" and the incomparable Don José De la Guerra y Noriega.

Don Jose De la Guerra y Noriega

A LARGE volume by itself could be written of this man and his influence upon the history of Santa Barbara. His good deeds and important works were many, but it is rather because of the extraordinary effectiveness of his personality that his name still holds sway upon this city, even 72 years after his death.

In the veins of Don José Antonio De la Guerra y Noriega coursed the veritable *sangre azul* of Castile. His double surname indicates the joining of two houses of noble tradition by the marriage of his father and mother, who was of the Noriega line.

He came first to Santa Barbara in 1806 as a Lieutenant of the Presidial company. Here he married Doña María Antonia Juliana, the only daughter of the third Comandante, Don Raimundo Carrillo, and founded in California a new family of noble tradition.

His home was the center of the political and social life of the city whether he held office or not. Don José was one of those so eminently fitted by nature to command and govern that the people voluntarily gave him that opportunity. Every traveler to the port made it a point to call at his home. When it was observed that "the citizens of Santa Barbara were noted for their respectability, and for their grave and serious character," it was at once attributed to the influence of their Comandante, Don José De la Guerra y Noriega.

Scene of so many resplendent gatherings, social, political, military, that have loomed large in the history of Santa Barbara, the stately De la Guerra mansion shelters not only the memory of this fascinating Comandante, but equally is redolent of the charm and kindliness of its mistress, Doña María Antonia, "a fine, motherly, good woman, who had acquired by her deportment and affectionate manner toward strangers the esteem of all who knew her. . . . An American lady once observed, that there were in California two things supremely good, La Señora Noriega, and grapes!"

Old California's genius for hospitality was shown at its best by the Arrellanes family.

Ascent of the Eagle

WHEN the eagle of Mexico began to scream of liberty, the Province of Alta California did not know the meaning of his voice.

Fifty years of the glorious isolation produced by distance and the Spanish king's prohibition of foreign commerce had created of the Province of Alta California a little world apart, but the wars of independence provoked in the other Spanish colonies shook the Californians rudely out of Utopia.

After 1811 the all-important Spanish supply ships stopped coming. Hard times set in that were to leave the Province of Alta California hungry and ragged at the close of ten loyal years during which she continued to hold herself a royal province of Spain. Want of manufactured articles became extreme. By 1813 the Comandante of Santa Barbara had to inform the Governor that the soldiers were without shirts and had but little food in addition to having received no pay for three years.

Nevertheless, faithfully each year that loyal officer republished the orders prohibiting communication with foreigners, and even in 1816 Commandante José De la Guerra called Sergeant Carlos Carrillo and Santiago Arguello to go with him to arrest two

" . . . articles of value . . . were sent to the missions of the interior." Mission La Purísima Concepción as it appeared in the early nineties.

American captains who had landed at Rancho Refúgio and looked suspiciously like smugglers.

The captives were detained only a short time, but evidently it was long enough to permit the lure of California to hypnotize at least one of their sailors. Thomas Doak of the *Lydia* remained at Monterey when it sailed, and became the first American settler in California. In the same year, 1816, three American sailors settled at Santa Barbara. Daniel Call was from the crew of the *Atala.* October 7, 1816, "José Manuel," 22, of Boston, and a brother, were baptized at the Mission.

"El Pirata Buchar"

EVEN when Don José De la Guerra y Noriega placed men under arrest, he seems to have done so with such grave courtesy that they honored rather than despised him for it. Two years after the arrests of Refúgio, Captain Henry Gyzelaar, one of the victims, returned to California to warn Don José that the Province was about to be attacked by pirates!

At the Sandwich Islands he had seen the frigate *Argentina* and the *Santa Rosa* fitting out for this purpose. Captain Hippolyte de Bouchard, privateer under the flag of a revolting South American colony, aimed to strike a blow at the King of Spain by attacking California ports.

Gyzelaar's warning threw the Barbareños into terror. Word was sent to the other presidios, articles of value were boxed and sent to the missions of the interior. Livestock was driven inland, and women and children were made ready to flee at a moment's notice.

The pirate struck first at Monterey, and his company sacked and burned the capital.

He next descended upon the famous Rancho del Refúgio of the Ortegas, near Santa Barbara. Sergeant Antonio Carrillo with a force of thirty men had come out from the Presidio, and, lying in ambush, discomfited the pirates to the extent of lassoing three of their members. The enraged invaders burned and plundered the ranch, while Don Antonio and his company were forced to retire before their superior numbers.

The pirate followed up one injury by another, sailing arrogantly into the harbor before Santa Barbara and remaining there several days. He did not attack and Don José's forces had to suffer the chagrin of allowing him to depart unchallenged.

During the encounter at Refúgio, three of the privateers were captured by the Californians, one of whom, Joseph Chapman, became the most famous foreign resident of the Province during the Spanish period. He was a typical Yankee, keen and able. He not only made himself useful but popular among the Californians, and won as his bride a daughter of the very rancho which Bouchard had sacked. Descendants of Guadalupe Ortega and Joseph Chapman still live in Santa Barbara today. Chapman's grave is at the Mission.

Santa Ynez, nineteenth of the Franciscan Missions, was included by *Rancheros Visitadores* in their tour this year.

The "Splendid Idle" Thirties

FOR only a year or two longer was the pretense of prohibiting smugglers kept up, and, under Mexico, trade with the foreigners was legalized. The Boston ships had begun to appear persistently upon the California shore, and all of them put in at the port of Santa Barbara.

The Californians were in dire want of manufactured articles and sorely tempted by their cargoes. Thus began the California-Boston trade. It ushered in a new era in the

"In Santa Barbara the tradition of fine horsemanship had not declined since Spanish days."

CAPTAIN ALPHEUS B. THOMPSON
"Small wonder that the Yankee captains came back . . ." He settled in Santa Barbara, where a traveler of 1840 wrote that his house bore "striking testimony to his being a civilized man."

history of the Province, actually of far greater consequence than the change of government which took place in 1822, when Santa Barbara, with the rest of the California towns, took the oath of allegiance to Mexico.

The traffic in hides and tallow with Boston traders not only made cattle barons out of rancheros — it brought the Yankees. It sealed the future destiny of Alta California.

The arrival of foreign ships had always been the source of great interest to the Barbareños, and the travelers they brought had supplied incentive for expression of their natural talent for hospitality. All this was enhanced by the increased wealth the trade in hides and tallow brought them.

Days of hide-droughing and Yankee trade — it seemed as though in Santa Barbara they were more splendid and more deliciously idle than anywhere else.

Small wonder that the Yankee captains came back, not alone to repeat successful trading voyages, but to marry California girls when they could win them, and settle down, and become part of this alluring life.

The extent to which Yankee blood began to filter into Santa Barbara is indicated in the fact that the five beautiful daughters of Don Carlos Carrillo became the brides of Americans during this period, while three of the four equally lovely daughters of the patriarchal Don José De la Guerra y Noriega also married *Yanquis*. It was the wedding of his daughter Ana María, or "Anita," to the Yankee, Alfred Robinson, that became

ALFRED ROBINSON
One of the most famous figures in the hide-and-tallow trade. He wrote the first book describing California.

famous through Richard Henry Dana's description of the brilliant affair in his "Two Years Before the Mast."

Don Alfredo Robinson was among the foremost of the Yankee traders in Santa Barbara, both in point of time and success. He made his headquarters at Santa Barbara, representing the firm of Bryant & Sturgis, who sent the first ship from Boston for direct trade with California, in 1829.

A second type of American immigrant was attracted to Santa Barbara in these years by the remunerative traffic in sea-otter skins. The animals were caught in every bay and inlet along the coast, and were especially numerous on the shores of the Channel Islands. Thus hardy fur-trappers of the Rocky Mountains were lured across the plains and into a new world at Santa Barbara.

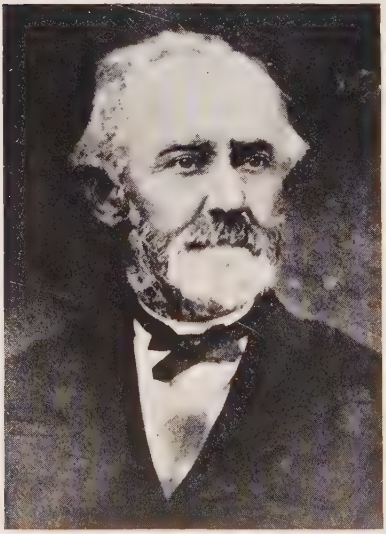
For the most part, both groups of newcomers represented a high type of manhood. What they lacked in polish the environment of the mellow and aristocratic old Spanish city supplied for them.

In 1830 Don Luis Burton's adobe home and store stood where the Potter Hotel was later erected. A flourishing Indian village occupied the site in prehistoric times.

There was Don Luis Burton, who had come across the plains with Wolfskill in 1841. There was George Nidever, blue-eyed, soft-spoken West Virginian. With surprising adaptability, most of the trappers who settled in Santa Barbara became seafaring men, as they went to the Islands in pursuit of seal and sea-otter. It was George Nidever who captained the little schooner and persevered in the voyages through which the famous Lost Woman was rescued after she had lived eighteen years alone on San Nicolás Island.

The Lost Woman of San Nicolas

OUT of a once large population on the Island of San Nicolas, by 1835 only a handful of Indians were left. It was decided by the padres that they should be brought to the mainland rancherías.



LEWIS T. BURTON
Outstanding American settler of the thirties — trapper, trader, ranchero.

The schooner *Peor es Nade*—which may be freely translated as "Better than Nothing" — was dispatched to bring the islanders across the Channel. As they were about to embark, one of the women cried out that her child was missing, and ran back in search of it. While she was gone the *Peor es Nada* was forced to set sail and fly before a sudden storm, for there was no harbor at the island.

The Captain's good intention to return for the woman was frustrated when, soon after, the *Peor es Nada* capsized. There was not another vessel on the southern coast large enough to make the passage to San Nicolas safely. The Lost Woman was forgotten.

Sixteen years afterwards, George Nidever, trapping on the apparently uninhabited island, was astonished by the discovery of a woman's footprints in the wet sand. Then he, too, was driven from the island by a suddenly-rising wind. He returned the following year. On the mainland his story had aroused hazy recollections of the abandoned Indian woman. But again he was driven from the rocky shore by a storm.

Left to right, Angústias de la Guerra Jimeno de Ord, María Antonia de la Guerra Lataillade de Orena, Ana María de la Guerra de Robinson, daughters of Don José De la Guerra y Noriega.

Foolhardy as it seemed, Nidever made a third voyage to San Nicolás, in July, 1853. This time he took with him a crew of men. At last, after several days' hunting, they came upon her — wild and alone, in a little hut she had made for herself out of whale ribs and brush. Her long hair fell over bare shoulders. She wore a strange garment which she had contrived of the gleaming black-feathered skins of cormorants. Her sole companions were wild dogs that she had won to her rude fireside.

Nidever and his men were probably the first human beings she had seen after eighteen years of solitude upon the desolate crags of this wind-swept island. She was frightened at first, then rejoiced to see them, and willingly went with them to the boat and to the mainland, where she was cared for by Doña Sinforosa Sanchez de Nidever.

She was the last of her race — not one soul was left who could speak in a tongue that she could understand, and no one could understand her. But speech was not necessary for her happiness. She could not withstand the swift change from her rigorous life to one of comfort, and lived only a few months, but spent them in the most delicious enjoyment.

The Cosmopolitan Forties

IN ADDITION to the Yankee trappers and traders, there was also at least one Irish newcomer in the thirties. Although highly educated and accustomed to the life of great cities, Nicholas Augustus Den, who arrived in Santa Barbara in 1836, found life here so appealing that he never afterwards left California.

Left to right, María Josefa Carrillo de Dana, Encarnación Carrillo de Robbins. Manuela Carrillo Jones de Kettle, daughters of Don Carlos Carrillo.

DON DANIEL HILL

DONA RAFAELA ORTEGA DE HILL

In Santa Barbara of 1840 Don Daniel was "a sort of general factotem."

Don Nicolás, as he was called by the Californians, married a daughter of Don Daniel Hill, native of Massachusetts, who had come in the year 1822 as captain of a trading vessel en route to the Hawaiian Islands. He had married a daughter of the Ortegas, and in the life of the pueblo became, as Robinson wrote, "a sort of general factotem . . . [and] in manner and appearance a complete Californian."

The Historic Carrillo Adobe, preserved for Santa Barbara by Major Max C. Fleischmann. Built by Daniel Hill, about 1828. Home of Capt. John Wilson and Doña Ramona Carrillo de Wilson; later, of Guillermo Carrillo. The first City Council met here in 1850.

NICHOLAS A. DEN

DR. RICHARD SOMERSET DEN

When Dr. Den visited his brother, Nicholas, at Santa Barbara, 1842, he resigned his position as a ship surgeon, and remained in California the rest of his life.

A leavening of Old World Spaniards, such as Don Gaspar de Oreña and Don Cesário Lataillade, came. A dash of French blood was provided by José Antonio Aguirre, master and owner of ships that ran between California and the Sandwich Islands, and builder in Santa Barbara of the most impeccably beautiful house California had ever seen; and Agustín Janssens, French confectioner, whose father had been a Colonel in Napoleon's Guard of Honor.

Such was the society of Santa Barbara 90 years ago. It could lay claim to cosmopolitanism then as now, even though its population only numbered 900.

Despite the influx of foreigners, the atmosphere of the city was little altered. The newcomers had been lured all the way across the world by the civilization that they had discovered on the far Pacific shore, and they did not try to change it.

Double-Distilled Sweet Idleness

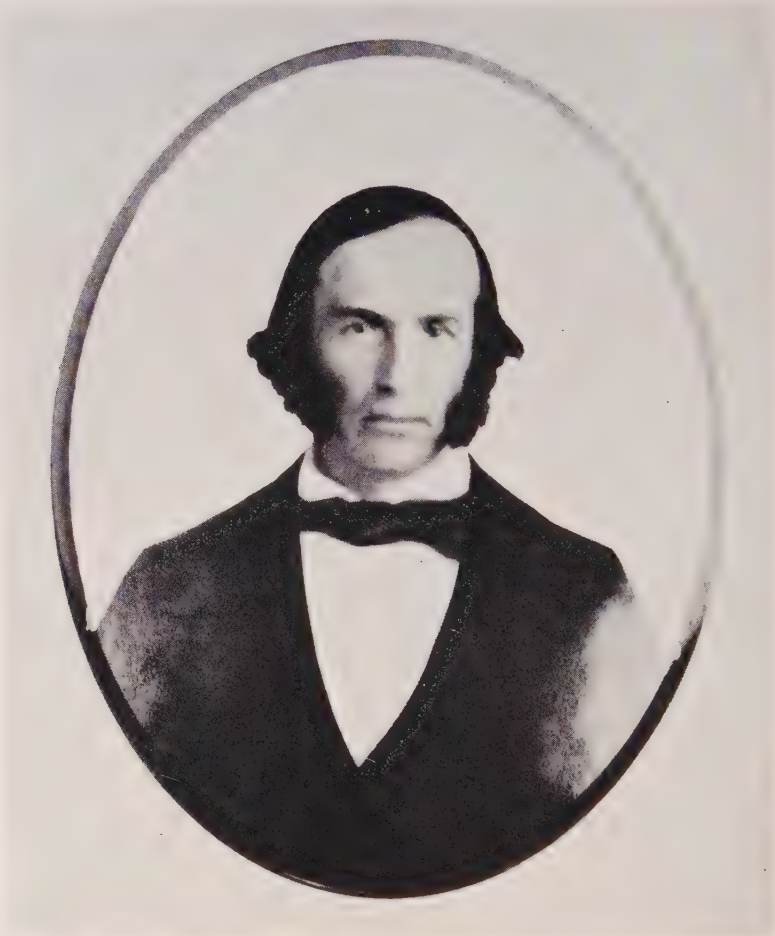
"THERE was not a timekeeper in the place," said a traveler of that day. "For downright *dolce far niente,* or double-distilled sweet idleness, Santa Barbara in 1843 was far ahead of any spot on earth that I had ever visited, or have seen since that period."

These perfect days were not altogether cloudless. Santa Barbara was stirred more than once by the revolutions in which politically-inclined Californians indulged themselves during the Mexican period.

Through one political upheaval the Barbareño, Don Carlos Carrillo, was made Governor for a brief season. In 1831 the city lost a former Comandante, when the good Don Romualdo Pacheco was killed in a fight near Los Angeles, whither he was marching to the support of Governor Victoria.

At Santa Barbara after the Decree of Secularization, by which the supreme government at Mexico ordered the Missions converted into parish churches and the padres supplanted by secular curates, the same sad experience of all the missions was repeated. Its ranchos were sold, its property squandered and destroyed, its herds decimated by the carelessness or theft of administrators. Its Indians were thrown out into the world to perish.

Mission Santa Barbara suffered less than did the others. In 1839 California had received its first Bishop, long-awaited and desired, and he had honored the devout Barbareños by establishing his residence at the Mission. This fact, doubtless, had much



José M. Covarrúbias of Santa Barbara, first elector of California, who, when he went to deliver the electoral vote of 1852 for Franklin Pierce, was welcomed at the wharf by the entire Tammany Hall.

to do with protecting the ancient establishment. When, in 1845, it was leased (and subsequently sold outright) to Don Nicolás A. Den and Don Daniel Hill, the church and the cloister were reserved.

Manifest Destiny — the Gringo Comes

THE blessings of a quarter-century of Mexican rule in Alta California were not unmixed. Internally, the Province's gain in moral and political strength must be characterized as slow, if not imperceptible. External signs, as well as internal weakness, all pointed in but one direction, — and this in spite of the admitted faults that could be picked in the Gringo.

"When will your government come and take possession of this country?" bluntly asked the padres at Santa Barbara of Alfred Robinson ten years before the contest came.

In 1846, when at last the time was really at hand, it was without opposition and without much excitement that the American flag was run up over California, and the Mexican eagle lowered.

Manifest Destiny, after all, was something more than a well-turned campaign phrase. In case of war with Mexico — acquisition of California — so ran the inescap-

able reasoning of the Polk administration. To the theme all thoughts returned, even though unbidden. As the situation became progressively intense, American units were quietly dispatched one after the other toward the Far West.

When war became an actuality, resistance was not attempted by the Californians. Disaffection was general in the Province; Don Pío Pico and his political foe, Don Manuel Castro, with forces joined to meet the common enemy, could scarcely name one hundred men they could depend upon.

In February of 1846 Don Pío, as Civil Governor, had sent Don José María Covarrúbias from Santa Barbara to the Capital in Mexico with an urgent request for aid. The Supreme Government was implored to supply arms, munitions and resources with which the Comandante might organize a permanent force of *hijos del pais* (the term "native son" was a proud phrase in California then, too) to defend the country. Don José María was instructed to "do all he could to return as quickly as possible by the same boat, . . . so that California might know the will of the Supreme Government and issue from the sad alternative in which unfortunate circumstances placed it."

Mrs. Sallie Sparks Harkness
Daughter of Captain Isaac Sparks, trapper, sea otter hunter, merchant, soldier and ranchero.

The earnest errand of Covarrúbias was unfruitful. Pico and Castro gave up thoughts of resistance, adjourned the last forlorn session of the California Assembly, then meeting in Los Angeles, and retired into Sonora.

Stockton Arrives — the Garrison of Ten

COMMODORE ROBERT FIELD STOCKTON of the U. S. Navy, in active command of operations in California, sailed southward from Monterey on August 1, 1846, where Sloat had raised the American flag on July 7. On the fourth or fifth day his ship, the *Congress,* touched at the quiet crescent bay of Santa Barbara, and he

Captain Isaac Sparks' house, on lower State Street, was an early show place, with its rare trees and shrubs. Later it was the Park Hotel.

FRANCISCA CARRILLO DE THOMPSON
The five daughters of Don Carlos Carrillo all married Americans. Francisca was the wife of Captain Alpheus B. Thompson.

marched a small force up the long slope into the town, steeped in the utter quiescence of an old-time California summer day. To the natural atmosphere there seems to have been added the weight of such a stoical silence as the Spanish-Californians alone could create. Against it, through the hot air, the firing of the salute and the rattling of the pulleys as the flag went up, must have echoed hollowly. Leaving Lieutenant Talbot and a garrison of ten soldiers in command of Santa Barbara, Stockton passed on to San Diego.

At about the moment when the reduction of California might have been, and was considered complete, with American forces distributed over the Province, the Californians seemed suddenly to regret their easy surrender. In Los Angeles they had been insulted by the tactlessness of Captain Gillespie, a commander of the garrison, and these Hidalgo *Caballeros* of California determined to give no further opportunity for considering them a race without patriotism and honor.

The house Captain A. B. Thompson built for Doña Francisca, 1835. It became Gen. Fremont's headquarters (1846), was occupied by officers of Stevenson's Regiment (1847), and later became the "St. Charles Hotel." It was the last adobe on State Street.

Captain Gillespie was made aware, by sudden and determined attack, that California spirit was no such flabby thing as he had perhaps been led to imagine. He retreated to San Pedro and sent north for help to Stockton, while faster than his message could travel spread the wildfire of disaffection among the Californians. Before the end of twenty-four hours Gillespie found himself surrounded by a force of several hundred Californians, with revolution in full swing. Almost the entire native population was aroused and under arms.

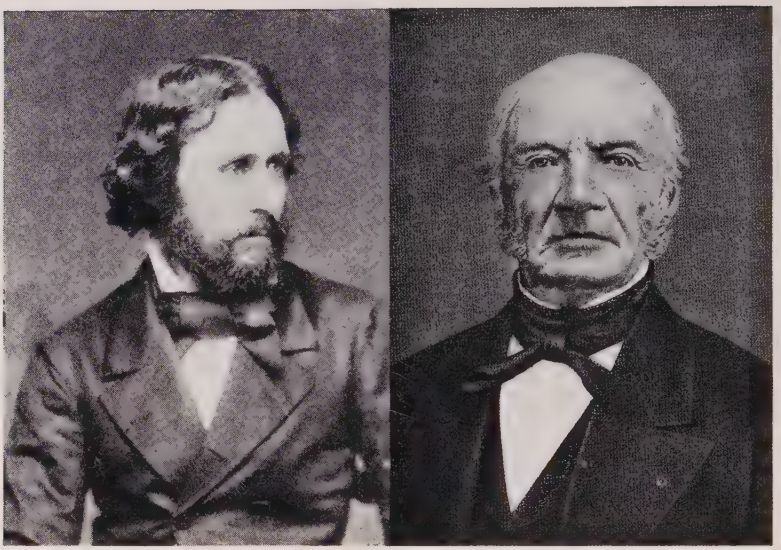
And Santa Barbara, where the first raising of the flag had been so utterly colorless barely two months before, was about to become the scene of two of the most dramatic incidents of the real contest for California which now had been initiated.

Revolt! — the Ten Escape

LIEUTENANT TALBOT and his ten soldiers were surrounded by two hundred California horsemen. By night, some way, they made an escape through the lines and out of the city, striking for the mountains. The excited *hijos del pais* followed them in hot pursuit and even set fire to the *chaparral* in an effort to burn them out of cover. They made good their escape, however, across the mountains, into the San Joaquin Valley, whence they tramped to Monterey, where they arrived half-starved, bearing the scars of many hardships endured on the five hundred-mile journey.

In the meantime, the coast road was resounding to the flying hoofs of a hard-ridden horse. Juan Flaco — Lean John — (known also to the Gringos as John Brown) was riding from Gillespie at Los Angeles for aid from Commodore Stockton, with a message written on cigarette papers and concealed in his hair. Stockton was found to be at San Francisco in-

Col. J. D. Stevenson
Whose New York Volunteers garrisioned Santa Barbara in 1847.



GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT BENJAMIN FOXEN
Had Foxen not guided Fremont through San Marcos Pass the American force might have been annihilated as it marched through Gaviota Pass.

stead of Monterey, which meant extending Juan Flaco's journey to five hundred miles. He slept three hours — the first rest he had taken since starting — then rushed on.

Fifteen Californians were in pursuit when Juan Flaco rode toward Santa Barbara. He escaped them, but his horse was mortally wounded. Lean John then walked twenty-seven miles to the rancho of an American. On a fresh horse he skirted the clustered adobes of Santa Barbara, pushed on through the oak forest northward to Gaviota Pass. He was a strange wild figure on the Camino Real. Obtaining fresh horses where he might, he did not rest until he reached Monterey. To San Francisco his actual riding time was less than five days.

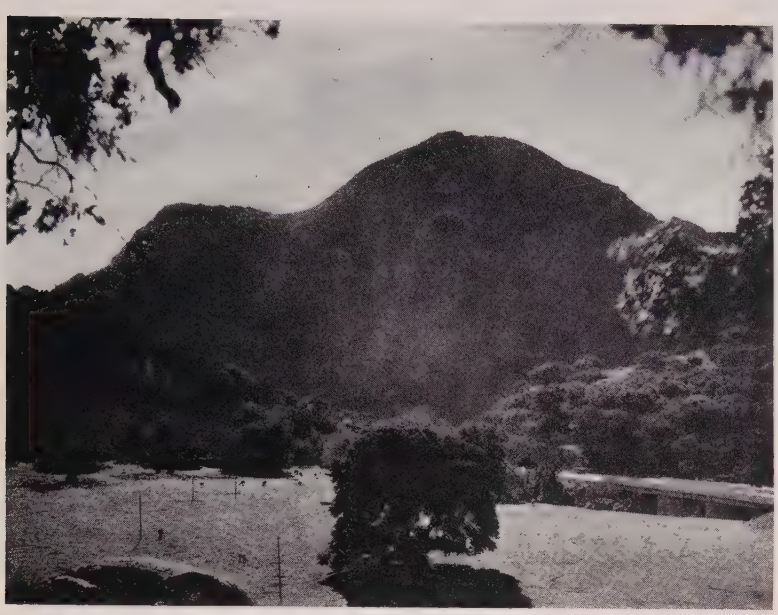
Reinforcements under Stockton and Mervine at once set out by boat for the scene of the revolt at Los Angeles. Lieutenant John C. Fremont marched south.

Fremont Starts for Santa Barbara

NOW the rainy season had come on. Fremont's forces marched through its discomfort down the coast to Santa Barbara. Meantime in the south, with General José María Flores, Andrés Pico, and José Antonio Carrillo, native son of Santa Barbara, although then resident in Los Angeles, in command, the Californians were teaching the invading enemy that as military men and cavalry troops they had been underrated.

At Santa Barbara the loyal native forces awaited Fremont. His battalion, 450 strong, was made up of his own rangers, a rough lot, who wore no uniform, each one garbed in buckskin, Kentucky jeans, or both, as they happened to be provided. They began their march on the thirtieth day of November, when rains had softened the trails so that they could make little more than fifteen miles a day. Streams which in the summer were dry gorges were now so high that the artillery had to be rafted over. Feed for the animals was scant. By the time the head of Salinas Valley was reached, without any human opposition having been encountered, so many animals had been lost the artillery was being dragged over the hills by the soldiers.

The southward march passed without event otherwise. Under Gumesindo Flores, last comandante at Santa Barbara, and Augustin Janssens of Santa Ynez, military comandante of that district, the Californians merely waited Fremont's coming. In order to cross through the mountains into Santa Barbara, he must take his wagon train and his artillery through Gaviota Pass. No other roadway over the mountains was negotiable. Remembering the sheer walls of the narrow pass and what destruction might be hurled



Scene in San Marcos Pass, through which Foxen led Fremont to elude the Californians awaiting in Gaviota Pass.

down upon an army laboring through the single lane of travel along the narrow cañon floor, the Californians abided their opportunity patiently. They were in a fair way to inflict a dreadful and bloody blow upon the American forces.

Foxen Foils the Ambush

BUT twenty-seven years before, in 1827, there had come to this coast an English sailor, Benjamin Foxen, who after a colorful and interesting career as a partner of Don José De la Guerra y Noriega, and as a trader, mariner and shipbuilder at Goleta, had married Eduarda Osuna, secured a grant of land, and turned ranchero.

By the time of Fremont's coming, Foxen had built a fine adobe ranch house on his Rancho Tinaquaic, which occupied a beautiful long valley, now known as Foxen Cañon, a few miles northward beyond Gaviota Pass. Don Julian Foxen was then a man in middle life, one of standing and influence in the community. Although allied to the Californians through his marital ties, and to England rather than to the United States by birth, Don Julian had not taken any stand in the contest for California, now waxing hot and near.

In the late fall, marching under leaden skies, Fremont and his tattered and half-starved force entered the upper end of Foxen cañon and encamped under beautiful oaks of the cañon side, within the ranchero's demesne. He rested at the place still known as Fremont's camp, for three weeks, through the generosity of Don Julian recuperating his men on plentiful fresh beef while they made great quantities of jerky in preparation for the campaign.

Upon the high peaks of Gaviota Pass the Californians stood sentinel, marking the progress of the enemy. Their plan was one of classic simplicity and directness. Where today a bridge spans the Gaviota Pass, hemmed between two sheer walls of granite, the pass was then so narrow that a wagon could hardly pass between the perpendicular walls of rock. The Gringo General was to be permitted to reach this point, then great boulders were to be hurled by gunpowder blasts from their base on the cliffs. Men and horses beneath would have been crushed, and the pass would have been effectually blocked. It is hard to overestimate the tragedy that would have followed success of this plan.

THOS. O. LARKIN
First American consul in California, whose daughter, Isobel, was the first Anglo-Saxon child born in Santa Barbara.

Don Julian Foxen determined to prevent a slaughter, which obviously could not produce anything but a temporary setback to the American conquest. To Fremont he exposed the plans, and declared there was another way which might be taken through the mountains. He was thinking of the San Marcos, then a narrow trail believed impassable for wagons. Fremont commanded him to lead the way.

Accompanied by his son, Guillermo, then a boy of seventeen, Foxen conducted Fremont into the beautiful country of the San Marcos on December 25. But there was no time then to think of the beauty of the oaks, the majesty of the mountains, or Christmas festival. They plodded over the site of the present town of Los Olivos, following the Santa Ynez River toward the wall of the San Rafael mountains in the east, to begin the ascent of the wild and perilous San Marcos Pass. Cold rain poured down all day while the toiling battalion cut out a road for themselves over the mountains. Don Julian and Guillermo worked shoulder to shoulder with the Pathfinder and his followers. After the top of the pass had been reached, Don Julian returned to the cañon rancho, leaving Guillermo to continue on to Santa Barbara as guide.

The Stars and Stripes Forever

ON THE morning of December 27, the footsore battalion marched into Santa Barbara and over the city raised the Stars and Stripes. No town was ever more quietly taken — it was done while the loyal Barbareños were attending morning mass, including in their prayers, no doubt, a few words for the success of their military kinsfolk stationed at Gaviota Pass.

Half the citizens of Santa Barbara had broken their parole in the current uprising, but no punitive measures were instituted by Fremont during the week he remained encamped in the town. Rather, he exchanged during his stay such civilities with the citizens as the circumstances would permit.

January 7, 1847, he resumed his march. The conquest of California, so far as Santa Barbara was concerned, was concluded. Thanks to Don Julian Foxen, the resistance of the Barbareños remained unmarred by bloodshed.

But Don Julian Foxen appeared at the time to the disappointed Californians as nothing less than an execrable traitor. Primitive justice of the Old Days was enforced, and he paid a dear price for his aid to Fremont and the cause of American possession of California.

Three times he was burned out of his home in Foxen cañon. His herds of cattle and horses were repeatedly stampeded from Rancho Tinaquaic, until at last the ranchero was forced to retire from his beautiful cañon and live in a less isolated region for seven years after the conquest.

Gradually the situation mended, of course, and Don Julian was enabled to return to a life of peace and comfort on the Rancho Tinaquaic.

Some years later, it was Don Julian who directed again the opening of the road through San Marcos for a stagecoach route. Over Fremont's trail they built a wagon road. For many years afterward the north and southbound stages, traversing the San Marcos Pass, met at Don Julian's ranch, with the blaring of their trumpets and clattering of the coach and straining mustangs filling the cañon with this characteristic Western din.

That success in Gaviota Pass would have meant at best but a brief flicker of glory, and that Foxen's aid to Fremont by preventing bloodshed saved the Barbareños from the cost and shame of penalization, which would probably have been its consequence, was

Up the coast from Santa Barbara before the railroad between Los Angeles and San Francisco was completed.

indicated by the rapid increase of military forces the American government hastened to California in 1847. During the first three months following the capitulation of the Californians there arrived the Mormon Battalion, over 300 strong; Company F, Third U. S. Artillery, with young Lieutenant William T. Sherman as an officer, and Stevenson's famous regiment of New York Volunteers.

Santa Barbara had at least shown her mettle in the late contest. Now, on April 8, 1847, three hundred of Stevenson's men were established in Santa Barbara to prevent any disturbance which might make a third conquest of the country necessary, and also to become citizens, identifying themselves with the industries of the region after peace should be declared.

This extraordinary organization had been enlisted during 1846 in New York under the command of J. D. Stevenson, not for military service alone, but as a company for the occupation and settlement of California. It was composed of citizenry of all sorts.

A Vischer sketch of the celebrated grapevine at Montecito made in 1865. This historic vine was chopped down and exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Fair.

This adobe, bought by the Supervisors in 1855, was Santa Barbara's first Courthouse. The second Courthouse, built 1872, stands behind it. Old San Marcos Building at left.

Many were men of sterling character, and of the three hundred members established in Santa Barbara several rose to positions of importance in the life of the little city. There was Henry Carnes, who later held numerous public offices. There was even Jack Powers, who achieved a notorious kind of fame that drew the spotlight of public interest upon the little city during the hectic fifties-decade of Southern California banditry.

The Aftermath of the Revolution

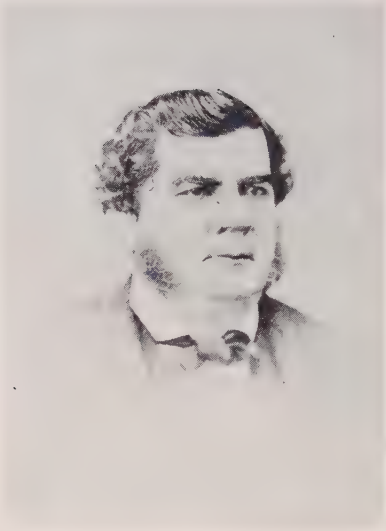
THE unexpected taste of military dash and fire that the Californians had delivered to the American conquerors as a kind of gallant last salute to the Province of Alta California as she passed on to her destiny as an American State, cost the Barbareños $500.00 during the aftermath of the revolution.

The famous Carpinteria grapevine. "Under the shade of the old vine, in the primitive days of '50, was held the first election in Santa Barbara County."

JOAQUIN CARRILLO
of Santa Barbara, first District Judge of Southern California under American rule, spoke no English and never studied law — yet, his decisions were rarely overruled. He served on the Committee of Three which named Santa Barbara's streets.

Late in the winter of 1847, the American brig *Elizabeth* was wrecked on the coast at Santa Barbara. Long after all other property had been salvaged and carried away there remained on the beach a certain cannon, which, being without a carriage, was quite useless to anyone. Then one time early in May it disappeared.

Captain Lippett, the officer in command of the Post, who was a nervous and fidgety man at best, pondered the mysterious disappearance of the cannon and reached the conclusion that the sea-washed, carriageless gun had been stolen by the Californians with sinister intentions. He convinced himself that intrigue against the garrison was afoot. Remembering the flight of Talbot from Santa Barbara, remembering the tales of California lances and their dreadful work at San Pascual, Captain Lippett apparently pictured himself as beleaguered by those smiling heroes with the *Elizabeth's* old shipwrecked gun.



Don Francisco De la Guerra
Santa Barbara elected him its first Mayor.

Either from real fear of an attack, or to exhibit his watchfulness and zeal in the performance of duty, without notifying his superior officer, Colonel Stevenson, then stationed at Los Angeles, he sent a courier post haste to Colonel Richard B. M. Mason, military governor at Monterey, and at a cost of $400.00 gave his version of the loss of the gun, magnifying its importance and the danger of his situation.

Colonel Mason naturally took him seriously, and by return messenger came Military Order No. 36, laying the town of Santa Barbara under a contribution of $500.00, and directing Colonel J. D. Stevenson, as commander of the district, to direct the assessment of this contribution, which should be levied upon the people if the missing gun were not produced before the first day of July.

Astonished and embarrassed by these orders, Stevenson felt as though he had been presented with a bomb and instructions to throw it into the midst of a quiet and inoffensive people, who were now upon the most friendly terms with the American authorities of the District. Since there was nothing to do about it but obey, however, he went to Santa Barbara, reaching there on June 23.

Colonel Stevenson presented himself immediately at the house of Don Pablo De la Guerra. Before him the embarrassed officer laid forth the ridiculous situation, expressing his regret. At first indignant, that influential citizen finally consented to aid the Colonel in securing a peaceable settlement of the affair. As they were parting, he said, significantly, "Colonel, since you are likely to be here some time, cannot you make this your headquarters and order your band up here?" adding that he knew of nothing that would afford the Barbareños equal pleasure. Santa Barbara was promptly made regimental headquarters. The band was ordered to arrive on the third of July.

Looking northwest from Carrillo and State Streets in the seventies, showing Aguirre adobe on right, and Carrillo adobe on left, and the first Courthouse in distance.

The Band Plays— The Barbarenos Pay

OF ALL American customs the old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration had the greatest appeal for the Californian. His patriotic spirit stirred in response to its varied glories; his genuine love of liberty was fired by its meaning; the display of color, the brave glitter of flags and uniforms, the ebullient blaring of the bands, the joyful fulminations both of cannon and of orators of the day struck a truly responsive chord in his soul —here was one thing Gringo to which he could respond. And in California he added to these celebrations the finishing touch — the barbecue and feats of the rodeo.

To the Fourth of July of 1848 at Santa Barbara was added the glorious tootling of Stevenson's full Regimental Band and Governor Mason's proclamation anent the Lost Cannon.

DONA CONCEPCION SEPULVEDA
Wife of Don Francisco De la Guerra.

Promptly at 3 P. M. the band reached Carpinteria, July 3. Entering the outskirts of Santa Barbara just at dusk, they marched up the rutted path that delineated the course of State Street, cut off across lots to the open square we know today as Plaza De la Guerra, and before the doors of the historic adobe house of Captain Don Pablo De la Guerra, they assembled and poured out upon the quiet air the dulcet, longing strains of a famous Spanish melody. At the first note of the serenade the citizens rushed to the streets — and a more enraptured people never were beheld. In the midst of the serenade Colonel Stevenson called on Don Pablo, and tears filled the eyes of the handsome Californian as he thanked the Colonel for this compliment and for the beloved Spanish songs, while sharing his emotion the people wept, too, in their joy.

The morning of the Fourth was ushered in by the band, with the citizenry assembled even more eagerly, if possible, than they had been the night before. Payment of the per capita contribution levied in punishment for the disappearance of the famous cannon

Looking northwest from Carrillo and State Streets today, showing Carrillo adobe on left, and Little Town Club on right, and Courthouse in distance.

CAPTAIN SALISBURY HALEY
Who surveyed the city in 1851.

was scheduled for 10 o'clock. Under the mellifluous spell of music a critical situation, which had given Stevenson cause for real fear, was turned into a jolly celebration. In a dignified manner the Barbareños acknowledged the humor of the affair, — and never was there a Californian of those days who wouldn't willingly pay a paltry five hundred dollars to be amused. While the payments were being made, Colonel Stevenson was requested to deliver an oration, which he did with the greatest success, his speech losing nothing by the translation into Spanish by his friend, Stephen C. Foster, first American Mayor of the neighboring town of Los Angeles, who had come up with the band for the occasion.

In fact, never did a Fourth of July pass more delightfully, terminating in a grand ball in the evening, with more speeches, and a continuance of the music that had enlivened the town all day. It is said that the only persons in the entire city who did not thoroughly enjoy the celebration were a group of popular young men, who bore such good names as Cota, Lugo, De la Guerra and García, and who paled or looked at each other large-eyed when mention was made of "El Cañon Perdido."

Ten years later, in December, 1858, when a fierce southeaster lashed at both land and sea, and the *Estero* cut a new channel near the beach, they found the Lost Cannon sticking its rusty, corroded muzzle out of the caved-in bank. Hilariously it was hauled out and mounted upon a carreta. In triumphal procession it was dragged through the soggy streets to the center of town, where no amount of mud could dampen the spirit of the impromptu festivities celebrated in its honor, or impede the flow of oratory that it inspired.

But alas, alas, "this gallant, misunderstood and maligned lost cannon came finally to a molten end in a San Francisco brass foundry" . . . closing its eventful career, so to speak, in a genuine blaze of glory.

The Santa Barbara Lighthouse was erected on the Mesa in 1856. Whale oil and kerosene were used in the lamp. Electricity was not trusted to burn all night until recent years.

Hope Ranch enjoys a view across to the Islands where Cabrillo sleeps.

Who Got the $500?

IT WAS characteristic of the whimsical temperament of the old-time Barbareños that the famous affair of the five hundred dollars should have captured their imagination and interest more than did the more serious events of the contest for the Province.

"Up and down the rock-girt shores of the Channel Islands, the yachtsman can find many lovely coves where he may picnic or fish and while away the delightful hours."

" . . . in the new City Hall which had lately (1874) risen in red brick splendor in the middle of the Plaza De la Guerra."

When, a year or two after the cannon was lost, Don Antonio María De la Guerra, Don Joaquin Carrillo, and Eugene Lies named the new streets of Santa Barbara, they gave to one of the major cross streets that then as now marked the approximate center of the charming town, the intriguing name Cañon Perdido. The payment of the five hundred dollars was commemorated in the name of Quinientos Street, while the single Santa Barbara thoroughfare that bears the name of a Governor of California in office since the Mexican period is Mason Street, recalling the man who imposed the $500.00 fine, but who, after the signing of peace with Mexico, gave it back again.

Patio of El Paseo De la Guerra . . . "a place of delightful, lasting memories for the visitor,— part of the every-day life of the resident."

New City Hall from site of the old one. As Councilman, Caesar Lataillade had a hard time to get the City to spend $1600 for half of the present property. That was in 1902.

And when the first Council of the new city of Santa Barbara adopted an official city seal, the design comprised a circular disc with *Ciudad de Santa Barbara* lettered on the border, in the center a cannon upright, and on the top the inscription "Vale 500 P." This meant "Worth Five Hundred Dollars," but certain wags were wont to interpret the *vale* as the Latin word, and translate it as "Goodbye $500."

That would have been appropriate, too. In the period when Governor Mason returned the $500 to the city for the erection of a jail, then apparently the city's most urgent need, there was not a bank in existence in California. The funds were held by one city official and then another; and for eleven years after the money was given back

The Santa Barbara Woman's Club, located in Mission Cañon, is the home of one of the city's most active organizations. It has one thousand members.

"At the corner of State Street and Cañon Perdido he opened a saloon." Lobero's patrons hitched their horses on the lot where now stands the Santa Barbara Branch of the Security-First National Bank.

to the city, successive City Councils were occupied recurrently with efforts to determine which one of several altogether trustworthy public officials had last undertaken the safekeeping of the historic sum. In January, 1860, the City Council lifted up its voice for the last time over the historic *quinientos pesos,* and finally found other means of financing a city jail.

New Ways

AS AN American city Santa Barbara began its legal existence on April 9, 1850, incorporated by an act of the first California Legislature five months before there actually was any State of California in the American Union, and during that tense season when Congress wrangled over its destiny before Admission Day dawned on September 9, 1850.

The news of its new status traveled slowly to Santa Barbara and in that leisurely time there was no rush to institute the new American scheme. The old Ayuntamiento had served well enough the needs of old Santa Barbara, so with one thing and another, the new city government did not begin to function until August 26, 1850, when the first Common Council convened. Election of this august body presumably had taken place in the meantime, and Francisco De la Guerra had been chosen as the first Mayor. At the final meeting of Santa Barbara's Ayuntamiento had sat in dignified convocation Don Joaquin De la Guerra, the last Alcalde, with Don Esteban Ortega and Don Juan Ayala as his Regidores, Don Anastásio Carrillo as the Señor Síndico, or treasurer, and Don Joaquin Carrillo, El Señor Prefecto del Distrito, presiding over their deliberations.

Civil government had been achieved for the hitherto military presidio of Santa Barbara back in December, 1826, after republican Mexico had succeeded monarchical Spain. By order of Governor Echeandia, its first Ayuntamiento Ylustre was elected. It was a dignified, but not very active body. In those halcyon pastoral days, before the birth of "civic consciousness," office seeking was at a minimum, and after one had an office there was little to do with it.

In the newly incorporated city of 1850 there was everything to do. With American occupation of California the ancient Hispanic institutions fell off the country like a rusted, broken armor. Deprived of its accustomed protection, Old California stood shivering and bewildered in a new world. Eleven days after incorporating the town of Santa Barbara, the California State Legislature passed an act repealing every Spanish law but one. That provided for the *Juez de Campo* — Judge of the Plains, essential to the ranchos, but leaving the venerable municipalities without a straw of custom to which to cling. Before the new City Clerk lay a clean book without a mark in

Same view as opposite, today, showing the building of the Santa Barbara Branch of the Security-First National Bank at the corner.

it beyond the handwritten title, — "Acts of the Common Council of the City of Santa Barbara." Before this Council lay the task of filling that book from the first page with acts of wisdom and discretion.

The Dons Write Gringo Law

THE old Ayuntamiento had bequeathed them almost nothing, not even office stationery or a regular meeting place. January of 1850 had found the City Treasury with $399.00 on hand, but there had been times when there were no funds for paying the Secretary a salary, so that the Regidores had served in turn in that office. The city fathers of the new town had not only to formulate laws to govern the city, but even

"In recent years, due to the rapid growth of the city, the newer great estates have been developed outside the city, . . . notably Montecito."

A busy day in the Justice of Peace Court of old Santa Barbara.

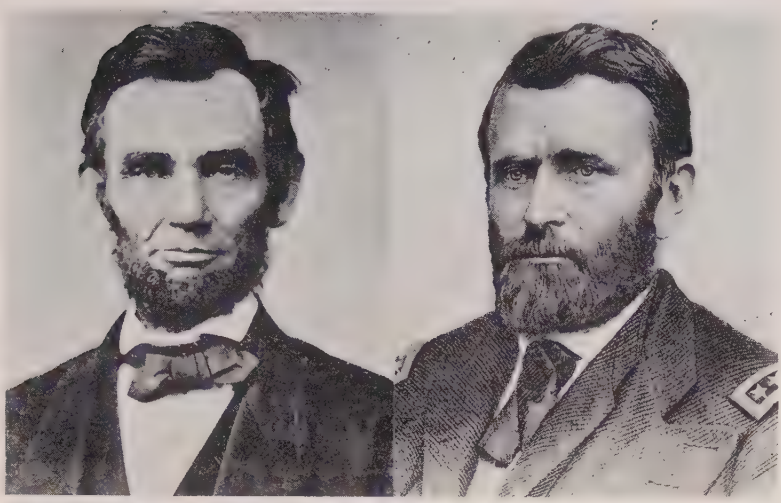
rules to govern the Council itself. But they were not disturbed by the burden before them. They knew with the unruffled confidence of the old California that there would be a great many tomorrows to accomplish it in.

One thing was obvious, the first act of the City Council must provide funds for carrying on the municipal government. "An ordinance concerning licenses" was their first official act. Precedent had been furnished them by the illustrious Ayuntamiento. Licenses were exacted from every kind of business and served as the mainstay of the City Treasury.

Not yet did the city boast a printing press or newspaper, so the Clerk of the Council was required to draw up two copies of all measures, one to be posted on the "eastern corner of Luis T. Burton's house" (it occupied the mound where later was to rise the famous Potter Hotel), the other on the front of Gaspar Oreña's billiard parlor.

In one thing only did the Council verge upon rash use of their new powers. This was in the granting of city lands. For that, too, precedent had been established by the Ayuntamiento. Land was parceled out with a reckless hand. But, then, there was a great deal of it. Enough, in fact, so that from the beginning under the American flag until well into the sixties the attention of the City Council was largely taken up with disposal of the city lands to hundreds of petitioners. So engrossed by this business was their attention that other matters were usually laid on the table until *mañana*.

In La Carpinteria land was sold for about twenty-five cents an acre. John Coats secured a tract of land in the Montecito at seventy-five cents per acre in 1863, while Tomas Romero, who had lived there for thirty years and thus could claim color of title, was granted ninety-six acres for fifty cents per acre. Thomas Hope, in the same year, petitioned for a two hundred-acre tract on the Mesa, "bounded by the lighthouse land," and secured it for seventy-five cents an acre. Swampy areas down at the beach brought similar prices.



One of the last acts of Abraham Lincoln was signing the patent to the Santa Barbara Mission land. U. S. Grant, as President, signed the patent to the Pueblo lands.

City Lots $1.00

IN 1856 at least three city lots were sold for $1.00 apiece, while others went for from five to fifty dollars. At this point a message was received by the Council from Mayor Don Antonio María De la Guerra, complaining of the low price at which lands were being sold to certain individuals.

However, the Council found ways to retrench. Rigid economy marked the operation of the city government. Nothing beyond the honest needs of maintenance was indulged in. Fifty dollars had been allowed by the Council to buy bookshelves, stationery, etc., for the City Clerk's office. Beyond this no extravagances were permitted.

The major difficulty met by the new city government in these leisurely days was that of getting the Council to convene, especially just following an election when new

The first Old Spanish Days fiesta in 1924 was a spontaneous expression of the life lived at the old haciendas.

The good works of Dwight Murphy as pioneer "Old Spanish Days" promoter, Park Commissioner, and in other offices, are without number. Standing beside him are Señora Francisca Dibblee and Mrs. James B. Rickard.

members seemed to show but little anxiety to take office. After the election of May, 1853, no member appeared for a Council meeting until August 29, in spite of the fact that the Secretary recorded fifteen called sessions. At that time Octaviano Gutirrez was elected President of the Council and the discouraged Secretary, Charles Fernald, resigned.

Years were to pass before the city was to possess the dignity of a City Hall building. From rented room to rented room, in one adobe or another, they moved about. Once the Council's home was in the small armory of the Santa Barbara Mounted Riflemen. In 1852 the Council occupied the famous adobe still standing on Carrillo Street and preserved for the city by the grace and interest of Major Max C. Fleischmann. In 1856 the City Council expressed thanks to Don Joaquin Carrillo for the free use of a room in his house granted for the sessions of the Council.

Still close in feeling to the old days of the Ayuntamiento, when dignity and form had been as rigidly observed in the dirt-floored adobes of primitive California as ever they had been in the resplendent Court of Spain, grave formality continued to characterize the official relationship between Mayor and Council. That dignitary met with the Council only upon extraordinary occasions, but communicated his opinions and requests to them by means of numerous polished written messages.

U. S. Grant Patents the City's Lands

SEVERAL times the city ordinances were revised and revamped. City government was proceeding in these formative years by an unaffected system of trial and error. However, among the early Councils was set on foot at least one action of vital consequence to the life of the city. This was the prosecution of the claim of the City of Santa Barbara to her lands before the United States Land Commission and Courts. The matter engaged the attention of successive Councils from 1854 through the '60s. Four leagues of land were at last confirmed to the city. The patent bore the date May 31, 1872, and the signature of Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States.

No longer was it *villa* or *ciudad* de Santa Barbara, but downright American *town* on the records. Still the flavor of old Spanish days lingered. The mellifluous Castilian

MARIA DE LOS ANGELES RUIZ
"Ancient dances were revived under her direction."

was still the language of the street, the home, and the City Council. More than a quarter of a century of changes had taken place since Dana's visit. But could he have returned in the '50s he still would have noted "the pride, the manners, and the voices" that made the Barbareños charming. Upon the streets still he would have found it "a pleasure to listen simply to the sound of the language . . ." as he had before. Still "common bullock drivers on horseback delivering messages seemed to speak like ambassadors before a royal audience," and the wit of the California ladies enslaved every traveler.

These things were all unchanged. This was the language and the tradition of the land. For twenty-five years after the American occupation Santa Barbara made only the concession of becoming bi-lingual.

In 1852 the minutes were kept in English, but committees were named impartially in a naive combination of the two languages, being officially designated as the "Committees on *gastos, própios,* elections, and *arbitrios.*"

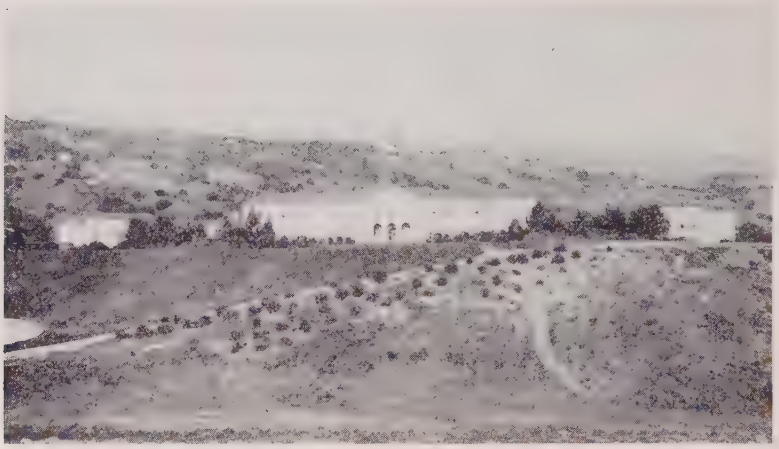
While from the early fifties records were kept for the most part in English, as late as 1864, after the election of Octaviano Gutierrez as City Clerk, and until the time of his resignation in 1870, Spanish was the chosen language of the records.

A Ship's Boy Teaches School

AS TO education, "it proverbially was the thing about which the Californian, priest or layman, troubled himself the least." For a boy to be a polished gentleman and expert horseman; for a girl to embroider nicely, sing sweetly, and be gay, was enough. However, the question of schools was not entirely ignored. Governor Don Diego de Borica urged the establishment of schools, and before the end of December, 1794, California's first institution of learning had been started in the public granary at San Jose.

To teach in Santa Barbara came José Manuel Toca, *grumote,* a ship's boy from one of the transports, in 1795. From each soldier of the presidio was exacted tribute of one dollar toward his annual salary of $125.

But progress of education in Santa Barbara was unsteady. For sixty years one little school after another came into abortive existence, functioned for awhile, then flickered into oblivion.



The magnificent new High School. Santa Barbara's High School, opened in 1878, is the second oldest in Southern California. Frederic F. Peabody was the school's great benefactor.

Under the American flag, the first school was conducted along old-time Spanish lines by the impressively named Señor Victor Vega Villareal. This school had begun in 1849 under the Ylustre Ayuntamiento, who assigned him a pension of $70.00 a month, in return for which he admitted twenty free pupils. The Secretary of the Ayuntamiento relinquished his salary in order that education might so be subsidized.

Until February 21, 1852, Señor Villareal conducted his school, receiving his stipend for its upkeep from the Council. After his departure petitions were received by the Council from various citizens, praying them to take some steps for the re-establishment of the public school, which were accepted and read and carefully placed on file.

Sunday at Plaza Del Mar and Cabrillo Boulevard about twenty-five years ago.

Santa Barbara State Teachers' College is an outgrowth of the Anna D. C. Blake Normal School, established in 1908 by Adah Ann Rich of Santa Barbara.

Two years later Isaac J. Sparks, H. B. Blake, and V. W. Hearne were appointed City School Commissioners, and at last a new public school came into existence.

"We now have in this city a school containing near seventy scholars . . . ," said the Gazette of June 7, 1855.

Hope for good schools came with news of a new State school fund, but receded temporarily in 1854 when Santa Barbara County failed to receive its quota because the Superintendent had omitted to report. When efforts were made to recover the appropriation, it was urged in objection that Santa Barbara had no schoolhouse and that the English language was not taught there at all. The school was then being conducted in an old presidio building, damp and poorly lighted, much older than the mission buildings on the hill, on Santa Barbara Street between Cañon Perdido and Carrillo. It is said that about forty scholars attended. For lack of books they studied an alphabet written upon the wall in chalk.

Caressed by the sea and haloed by the mountains, Santa Barbara has an unduplicated charm.

" . . . with awful swiftness of transition, it became for the first time undeniably *Gringo*."

A Ship Captain Surveys the Town

NOT only had the first City Council to form a new city legally and on the books, but to make the physical city as well. Little old Santa Barbara of 1850 was in plan perhaps the most erratic town that the world has ever known. One observer of the period was of the opinion that the town had been laid out by means of a huge blunderbuss loaded with adobe houses and discharged from the top of a neighboring hill.

The introduction of American customs had somehow brought about an urge for civic development that had never been felt before. It became suddenly evident that the City of Santa Barbara must acquire streets and right angles and be surveyed.

Therefore, in 1851, the City Council entered into an agreement with Captain Salisbury Haley to lay out the city in uniform blocks, 150 yards square. Haley had presented his proposal to survey the town to the Council in 1850, and by special request the Mayor had been present to hear the debate upon this important proposal. The streets laid out by Haley for this survey are the arteries of travel still in use in the city today, but it was not until twenty years after his work was completed that his survey was accepted as official. Haley was commander of several coastwise steamers, and a most popular character, but he apparently was more skilled as a sea captain than as engineer. With alarm it was discovered two decades later that there was a progressive difference in the size of the town blocks from the starting point between Cañon Perdido and Carrillo Streets to the end of the town, the difference amounting to thirty feet or more at that point.

Putting Romance in Street Names

AFTER all, the important thing to the city today, since the streets Haley laid out have fulfilled every practical necessity, even though lacking in geometric perfection, lies more in the work of the commission of men who were appointed to name the new streets created by Haley's survey. Acting on this commission Antonio María De la Guerra, Joaquin Carrillo, and Eugene Lies, gave to the City of Santa Barbara one of its most distinctive and precious assets. No other city in California possesses street names which combine so much significance of meaning and beauty of sound. The very history of Santa Barbara is written in the names of her streets and they serve through whatever changes may come upon the town to keep fresh the traditions that enrich her charm.

Founders of the city and prominent citizens are remembered in the names Ortega, De la Guerra, Carrillo, Gutierrez, Cota. The Indians are commemorated with names

"It is an expression of the traditions of the country and is built to provide a fitting home for the type of government the people are trying to develop."

of Anapamu and Yanonali, respected Chumash chiefs. Four governors of Mexican California, Figueroa, Victoria, Sola and Micheltorena and one American, Colonel Richard B. Mason, Military Governor of California, are honored.

With the wit and imagination that characterized the old Californians, who had a talent for naming, and nicknaming, too, both places and people with consummate appropriateness, street names were given that today pungently recall the romance and the humor of the Old Days.

Samarkand (heart's desire), Santa Barbara's Persian hotel.

Blue mountains are the ever-present background of the Southland's varied scen
wide blue sea and the silhouettes

eir majestic splendor at Santa Barbara is added the expansive beauty of the ed islands across the channel.

Doorway of Public Library. Santa Barbara's Library dates back to the seventies.

There is Pitos Street, recalling the whistles with which the Indians made weird music and kept Fray Serra's men awake all night, playing to them incessantly the sacred music made to please the gods. This street ran down where the reeds grew.

There is Quinientos Street, commemorating, in addition to Cañon Perdido, the cherished story of the lost cannon. There is Jardines Street, now known as Garden. It is the last memory of the famous old De la Guerra gardens, past which it ran out toward the Mission. Salsipuedes Street, means literally "get out if you can." It doubtless was well named at the time.

Creating Alamedas and Plazas

WITH surveying of the city came the dawn of civic pride. Three public squares were set aside by the City Council of 1853. Two years later other public squares were created. They included the Plaza De la Guerra, Plaza Vera Cruz, the Alameda, and others that did not survive the test of years.

At that period and for two decades afterward the farthest outpost of city development was the corner where the post office stands today. Beyond that extended the

Rancheros Visitadores! The pages of history were turned back this year as three hundred Southland leaders toured Santa Barbara County ranchos in old-time cavalcade.

pristine valley, studded with magnificent oaks. One rode among them by winding paths out to the olive groves of the Mission, or in the other direction could continue as far as Goleta, among an almost unbroken forest of trunks, under gnarled branches and interlacing leaves. In times past the oaks had been cut down recklessly. Times were to come when acres of them would be sacrificed in order to open new fields. In 1859 the Ayuntamiento had levied a tax for the benefit of the City Treasury upon the countless wagonloads of wood that were cut from the surrounding hills and sold to ships that anchored in the harbor.

Destruction of trees was discouraged by the Council of 1855, which enacted an ordinance prohibiting the cutting of trees or shrubs belonging to the city. Fifteen years later, in 1870, Santa Barbara's first public playground for school children was created out of a portion of the Plaza de Vera Cruz. The school trustees were permitted to fence off the playground, and the single condition exacted was that they must plant "at least twenty shade trees and care for their growth."

Detouring Raffour's Saloon

TO THE chagrin of the city fathers it became soon enough apparent that surveying streets and opening them were two quite different matters. From time to time it was necessary to order certain persons to remove obstructions, such as fences, etc., from the public streets. But as the public streets, however fine they might look on paper, consisted merely of lanes and byways where travel passed over them, and were not identified at all where custom did not yet define the right-of-way, it was not surprising that now and then some citizen would build his house in the middle of one. Progress up State Street was long interrupted at Cañon Perdido by a detour around the old Raffour Saloon, a structure which had so long occupied the site that no one questioned the appropriateness of causing the main highway to jog around it.

Under the influence of the new civic pride, for the first time the city seemed to become conscious of the livestock, cattle, pigs, and horses, and the hordes of lean and homeless dogs that wandered at will throughout the community. In 1851 an ordinance to prevent animals from being driven through the streets in herds was passed by the Council.

This was the Santa Barbara of the 1850's, vegetating in the sweet quietude of its little backwater valley, concerned chiefly with its pastoral interests — the great herds that roamed the ranchos of the back country beyond the mountains. Within the city itself, small but fiery upheavals in municipal politics, the dreadful and unmended condition of the newly demarcated streets, and the really serious problem of communication with the outside world, were the principal items of interest.

The first number of the Santa Barbara Gazette, half in Spanish and half in English, was issued on May 24, 1855. In his first editorial the editor admitted, " . . . there are now in California more newspapers than in any three States of the Union and the doubt of the future success of one more might naturally arise in the minds of some of the wiseacres of our country," but added optimistically, "the counties of Los Angeles and San Diego have for some time supported papers; and without boasting, we believe that the County of Santa Barbara possesses many advantages over these,"—a sentiment which many have never challenged to this day.

The condition of such of the new streets as had been opened, after a fashion, made the splendid and sonorous names applied to them little less than travesty. The grand central thoroughfare, christened in honor of the State, consisted of a series of pitfalls, mantraps, gullies, and other hazards, not to mention the adhesive mud of the winter season that made traveling, particularly at night, dangerous as well as uncomfortable. It had been declared by the city fathers to be the duty of every householder to hang out a lighted lantern in front of the house on every dark or cloudy evening, but these flickering beams could not be counted upon to aid the traveler to any very great extent. It was even declared by some that the city need have no fear of invasion by night, for were an army of infantry to be marched down State Street in the dark it was to be taken for granted that they would all be placed *hors du combat* before the end of the town had been reached.

Last of the Clipper Ships

IT WAS not often now that the white sails and trim prows of clipper ships appeared in the harbor of Santa Barbara. Beautiful was the *Arcadia* which swept majestically into the little bay on May 31, 1855, from whence she was to depart for China direct.

The *Arcadia* was owned by the famous Alfred Robinson of Santa Barbara and Don Abel Stearns of Los Angeles. The craft was named, like so many of the latter's ventures, in honor of his wife, the lovely and celebrated Arcadia Bandini. It had made the voyage direct from the Atlantic states to San Pedro with a cargo of assorted goods for this coast, and must be set down as among the very last of the storied clipper ships ever to skim the horizon off Santa Barbara. Curiously, the very lure of this city hastened her departure. She raised anchor and sailed away several days early "on account of the loss of a portion of her crew by desertion while there."

Communication with other points on the coast and the outside world was had with a fair degree of regularity by means of the steamer *Seabird,* then making scheduled trips from San Francisco, although the Barbareños and their visitors had more than one cause for complaint.

The hardest burden to bear was the arrogant indifference of the mail contractor,

The Brig *Pilgrim* made famous by Dana's narrative, was commanded by Capt. Francis A. Thompson on his second voyage to California, 1834.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS A. THOMPSON
Brother of Captain Alpheus Thompson, and commander of the *Alert* on which Richard Henry Dana served during his "Two Years Before the Mast."

ships passed and repassed the port of Santa Barbara without offering either to land the mail or even to enter the harbor. Letters, newspapers and legal documents journeyed repeatedly up and down the coast before reaching the Santa Barbara Post Office, while more than once the mail sacks were merely thrown upon the beach and left to be carried to the office by anyone who might see fit to do so, if not swept away by the rising tide.

Gringo Gold

IN 1849 and after, Santa Barbara knew both the benefit and the curse of California gold. Population of the little city was not notably diminished by the rush to the mines — but times in Santa Barbara became lively as its atmosphere was set astir by the common fever.

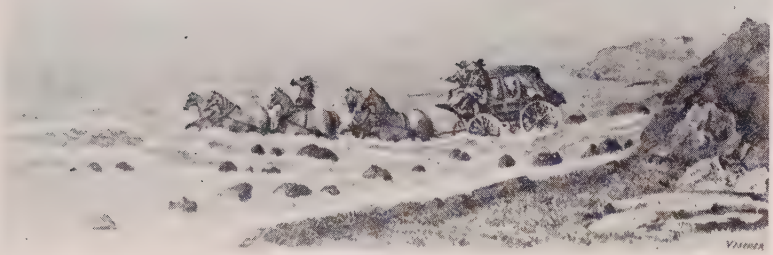
Scarcely a year before, the whole value of a bullock had lain in its hide alone. Now beef to feed the swiftly-accumulated population of the North commanded fabulous prices. The great Channel herds were driven northward by leisurely marches over the unfenced reaches of grazing land extending all the way to San Francisco, and wealth poured into the hands of the rancheros of Santa Barbara. Additionally the city was enriched by the turbulent stream of travelers passing through in their goings and comings along the coast route to the mines.

The pastoral Barbareños did not quite know what to do with all this money. Elegant luxuries filled their houses. Brocades trailed upon adobe floors. "Fiddling and fandangos were the order of the day." Thus Santa Barbara reflected the easy prosperity of the times. It knew the rowdyism, the movement and restlessness, the wild gaiety, the gold-hungry and gold-sated excitement of the period.

Through the town passed whole caravans of gold seekers from Mexico, principally from Sonora, who came in large companies to join the frantic human horde grubbing in the soil of the North or roistering away the dust they had dug in the wild life of new-made towns. In the old Spanish Presidio of Santa Barbara the Mexican wanderers found themselves at home. Under the oaks they camped; about their evening fires their songs blended harmoniously with the familiar sounds of the Channel city. So, in the placer days of '49 they were following the ancient Camino Real of the padres, on their way singing the old songs, speaking the old language. Only their haste was in contrast to similar caravans of former times.

In the presence of easy wealth gambling became so popular a custom that the casual traveler might have thought it was the principal occupation of all the inhabitants of Santa Barbara. The Ylustre Ayuntamiento of the little town had endeavored to prohibit public gambling, but by April 4 of 1849, it confessed itself in its official records as powerless to check the evil, and, in limpid Spanish phrases, pictured the scene of the period with brief clarity: "In no manner has it been possible to prohibit the public games of chance, as well for the lack of physical force as because of the multitude of travelers of every nationality, *el muchedumbre de todos nacionales,* who daily, in their passage through the town, patronize the games, El Señor Alcalde being powerless to prevent it."

HARRY C. SWEETSER
Native son of Santa Barbara and friend of the fiesta, on a California stock horse. Stock horses are always featured in "Old Spanish Days."



Copy of Vischer painting (1865) of stage going from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles.

Enter Los Bandidos

THE minor tragedies and disorders of the gambling table and saloon, spawned by the gold rush of '49, within a year or two progressed into crime through a wave of arrant outlawry that swept from the mines southward over the entire state. The cow counties became the centers of criminal organization and power that all but completely suffocated the vested forces of order. No more and no less tough and vicious than other southern towns, in Santa Barbara banditry yet achieved spectacular heights that possibly were unequaled elsewhere.

Brutality unregenerate characterized the all-American crime of the period, but where the native Californian turned his hand to road-agenting he added the inherent touch of gallantry that lent, even to outlawry, the glamour of romance. It was thus with Santa Barbara's first genuine *bandido*.

He, Salomón, was a cousin of Don Pío and Don Andrés Pico (the latter of whom was an outstanding organizer and leader of the Vigilance forces in the South), who led the gang which first harassed travelers on the highway to the mines, in the neighborhood of Santa Barbara.

Perhaps bitterness, often not altogether without foundation, following the Gringo invasion; the change of flags, and the bewildering transition, gave at first to these acts of violence the lustre of Robin Hood-like semi-justice. Gold taken from cattle-buyers or returning miners of the race that only so lately had been regarded as a natural enemy, could not be blackened very deep with sin.

The racial loyalty of the proud Californians, and a tacitly understood policy of non-interference among the older American population, resulted in negligent tolerance of these evils that within the space of five years swept the local situation altogether out of hand.

Terrible Tales From the Hills

BY 1855 conditions had become more dangerous on the trail between Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo than at any other single point in Southern California. Not a week passed without the news of some dreadful tragedy of this road, while mangled bodies mutely bespoke the horrible work of *reata* and knife or gun. Travelers were warned to keep to the open road, take faith in no stranger, and ride hard between certain points, never letting the dark with its mysterious riders overtake them on the king's highway. This, that once had been the most peaceful and friendly road in all the world, now was overrun by bandits.

Protected by the prestige of his good family name, selecting only Gringo strangers as his victims, the crimes of Salomón and his growing gang were rarely divulged. If

State Street in the seventies. "Still the flavor of old Spanish days lingered."

members were brought to trial they were never convicted. Old time Gringos knew that it would be foolhardy to challenge the remarkable situation. In a year or so, however, Salomón found it expedient to depart for Lower California, and in 1857 his career of banditry in California came to a close.

It was then that his gay band, which comprised some thirty or forty members skilled in wickedness, were gathered under the ominous standard of one of California's most spectacular outlaws.

The Famous Jack Powers

JACK POWERS, declared a California historian of the period, was "the most noted character, probably, in all California in '51, '52, and '53." Irish by birth, he had come to California as a member of Stevenson's New York Volunteers. Even before the termination of his military service he had commenced a career as a gambler which led to his acknowledgment as the master, *sans pareil*, of all the brilliant talent then included in that profession in the state. "Gifted with mental qualities of the highest order, with the manners of a gentleman, with a form and face of physical perfection, with a boldness and dash that made him a leader among men," Jack Powers made his influence felt even at the capital where he was held in esteem by a succession of Governors. He was considered the best rider in the state and the daring and recklessness of the deeds he marshalled engendered a kind of admiration among the people.

At an early date he came to Santa Barbara with the flattering intention of establishing his home there, and squatted on the Arroyo Burro property of Don Nicolas Den. When Sheriff Twist of Santa Barbara, quondam fellow-member of the New York Volunteers, attempted to serve a writ of ejectment against him, the leader gathered his band behind an improvised fortress on the rancho. On either side men were killed and wounded before the discomfited sheriff retired and left Powers in at least temporary possession.

By 1855 the bandit leader had reached the zenith of his power. The whole country was demoralized by the sinister things that occurred on the other side of the mountains.

Many members of the gang were known by name, but the citizens remained powerless. "Law there was a-plenty, but organization none at all. . . . The Sheriffalty was vacant. The Mayor had resigned. . . . A county judge remained, fully determined to maintain the law, but not a constable was there to execute a warrant. . . ." Juries were packed with henchmen and it was but a farce to bring the bandits to trial.

In the late summer of 1857 it at last became generally known that Powers actually was their leader. One of his miraculous night rides, which had hitherto removed him so quickly from the scene of operations back to respectable neighborhoods that suspicion could not be fastened upon him, failed.

From the scene of the depredation there descended upon the town of Santa Barbara, under the leadership of Romualdo Pacheco, fifty Vigilantes from San Luis Obispo fired with determination and clothed in red flannel shirts and white straw hats as symbols of their unity of purpose and organization.

Jack Powers admitted by flight that his supremacy had run its course. The last that was heard of him was news of his death a few years later in Sonora, where his life had come to an ignominious close.

Powers' gang was the last of its kind. Its strength, its daring, and its consummate cleverness faded out with his going, yet up to the year 1859 dark deeds on the highway still furnished material for alarm in the city of Santa Barbara.

The power accumulated by the lawless under his leadership had made its way insidiously into the machinery of local government. Courts did not function and elected officers were helpless. By 1860 affairs finally had reached such a pass that the one solution lay in reorganizing the city government. May 18, 1861, a new corporation was designated by the California State Legislature to succeed to the rights of the former town of Santa Barbara.

Peace came at last to the old city. Under its influence there was opportunity and incentive for a new sense of citizenship in the nation as well as in the state.

Standing By Lincoln

ECHOES of Fort Sumter and Bull Run aroused quick response in the waiting people of California, who were worked up like those of the states they had left behind, to tense excitement over the questions of slavery and secession. Everywhere, the military spirit ran high and the Californians, although separated by the then Great American Desert from the scene of the conflict, felt as keenly as though they were there themselves, that a great moral crisis had arrived in the life of the nation, and the fire-eating editors and swashbuckling journalism of the period sustained their interest.

In Santa Barbara arrival of the stagecoach bearing news from the battlefield, twenty or thirty days old, was awaited impatiently by throngs of citizens about the American Hotel on State Street.

Sentiment for the Union was strong in the north from the beginning. But in the southern counties Confederate sentiment was ascendent. "A number of loyal men at Santa Barbara in 1861 wrote to the commanding general that the secessionists were armed and active, and that government troops ought to be sent to the place. The general replied that the more pressing necessity for the presence of troops at other points would render the establishment of a post at Santa Barbara at this time impractical."

Even now one gets an occasional glimpse of the old Santa Barbara in the present city.

Captain Antonio Maria De la Guerra Sergeant Juan De la Guerra
Santa Barbara Volunteers of 1864

However, the strongest civic leaders of the quiet little town, although staunch Democrats like the majority of the Spanish Californians, believed in the cause of the Union. When Don Antonio María De la Guerra, accepted leader, former Mayor, State Senator, came forward ardently for the Union, Santa Barbara's response resulted in the formation of a company of eighty-four volunteers for the Union. Eighty-three of them were Spanish Californians, and the single American of the company, young Horace Robinson, spoke Spanish. Headquarters of the volunteers were taken up in an adobe house on Anacapa Street, not far from the famous De la Guerra mansion, out of which had come the strength of leadership and the fountainhead of enthusiasm for this patriotic effort.

Able as well as handsome in his dashing way, Antonio María De la Guerra, by common consent, became Captain. His nephew, Santiago De la Guerra, was First Lieutenant. The office of Second Lieutenant was filled by Porfírio Jimeno De la Guerra, a second nephew, while the Fourth Sergeant was a De la Guerra too. This was Juan, then a boy of only 17 years. Don Juan still lives today, last but one of the gallant company that marched out from Santa Barbara to save the Union in the summer of 1864. Juan had learned to speak English while at school at the old Santa Ynez College. Neither his uncle, the Captain, nor his brother and cousin, the Lieutenants, spoke anything but Spanish. Probably they were the only officers of the entire Union army who did not speak the language of the nation they offered themselves to preserve. So little Sergeant Juan bore the responsibility of speaking for the entire military staff.

Unbelievable as it seems, these California caballeros started on their way to Los Angeles from Santa Barbara on foot, although many of them had never walked a mile entire in their lives before. They were destined to become a cavalry company after they reached General Winfield Scott's headquarters at Wilmington, but as infantry they plodded wearily down the coast and across the mountains to Los Angeles.

One night on the way, the Company made camp in Cahuenga Pass, almost on the very spot where only seventeen years before Fremont, representing the nation they, as Volunteers, were going to defend, had received the surrender of their fathers. Among the new troopers there were even some who had taken part in that contest against the "Yanquís." While the campfires flickered, Francisco Lugo, an old man who had been for many years the servant of Sergeant Juan De la Guerra's father, Francisco De la Guerra, led the young officer to a large tree near an old adobe house. "I came here with

Charming CATHERINE DEN BELL, a daughter of Don Nicolas, was beloved for her grace and wit. Her writings are a noteworthy contribution to Santa Barbara history.

your father," said the old man dramatically, "seventeen years ago, and here on this very spot I saw them sign the documents that ended the war between the Americans and the Californians. Here sat your father, here sat Don Andrés Pico, and here sat General Fremont."

From Cahuenga Pass the volunteers came on the next day to Los Angeles, pressing on the following morning, September 2, 1864, to join the encampment at the Drum Barracks at Wilmington. Nearly ten days had been consumed in their journey from Santa Barbara.

At the Wilmington barracks they remained for a year, despite their impatient desire to be moved on to the front whence the dull rumble of battle drifted across the plains and sounded to their ears like the voice of Uncle Sam in need of them. At last they were ordered to Arizona, this time mounted, and full of satisfaction to be on the move. However, the sole taste of war they had, comprised a bloodless encounter with a raiding band of Apache Indians. After a few months of waiting, all in readiness and hoping for marching orders to go East, news came that the war was ended. They were mustered out in San Francisco, and in April, 1866, returned to Santa Barbara by boat.

The Barbareños assembled at the beach en masse to welcome them. The Spanish orchestra tuned up joyously, led by one Pico, playing the violin. Surrounded by their rejoicing families, the returned heroes marched up the rough lane of State Street, with the whole population bringing up a procession behind them.

Failure to reach the front had been a keen disappointment to them after all their high enthusiasm. The comparative quiet of army life in California and Arizona throughout the war, in fact, gave rise generally to the impression that the state had cut no figure in the great contest. Yet this Santa Barbara company, together with the other California Volunteers, had fulfilled an important role. After all, they numbered but a handful in a vast territory and to them had been entrusted "the labor of aweing avowed secession at home, guarding against foreign interference, fighting numerous Indian tribes from Oregon to New Mexico," and by means of such strong outposts as that at Yuma guarding routes of travel.

The eighty-four native sons of Santa Barbara had made no insignificant contribution to the great moral support which California offered to the cause of preserving the Union.

The Great Drouth

THE returning soldiers found in Santa Barbara and in all the other cow counties of the south a problem of rehabilitation more serious perhaps than Southern California was ever again to know. The stark, hot hand of drouth had, during their service in 1864, swept over the Southland, destroying the herds and bringing to a tragic close

At Summerland are the first oil wells ever drilled in the ocean on the Pacific Coast.

Looking toward the Mission and the mountains from the Mesa in the nineties.

the pastoral life of old California. Three successive dry seasons had left the land so parched that the grass did not come forth in the spring and around the faint green of disappearing water holes and *ciénegas* the starving cattle congregated literally by thousands, only to perish of starvation. Everywhere the plains were strewn with the fallen creatures and their bleaching bones. Prosperity seemed to have disappeared forever.

Tanker taking the first cargo of crude petroleum from Elwood Field. When this was Don Nicolas Den's Rancho Dos Pueblos, cargoes of hides and tallow were picked up here.

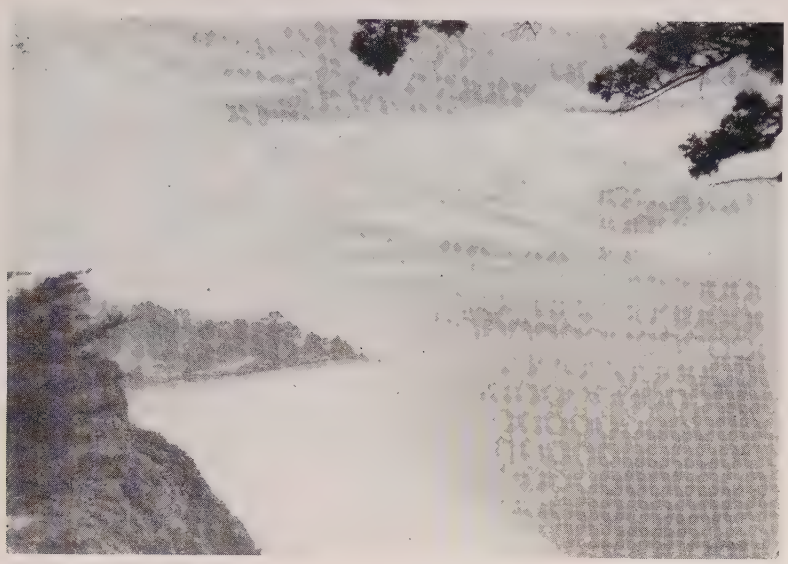
Elwood, the Cooper's ranch, scene of many notable gatherings. Cooper was the pioneer manufacturer of olive oil in California, and introduced the eucalyptus to Santa Barbara.

Yet the almost stoic heroism that characterized the Castilians of California when adversity came upon them, marked their demeanor now. The means of comfort, respectability and influence were being swept out of the hands of the one-time affluent Barbareños. But they had their pride then as they have it now, unbroken.

Over two hundred thousand cattle had measured the wealth of Santa Barbara in 1863. Less than five thousand head were alive to munch at the grass that sprouted after the rains came in the winter of the following year.

The day of the native Californian land barons was brought to a close. The entire economic life of Southern California was altered. Cattle raising as the distinctive industry of the Southland was ended forever, and range lands fell so low in value that some of the southern counties assessed them at 10 cents an acre. It meant the beginning of partition of the great ranchos. In Santa Barbara as elsewhere in the former cow counties, the land was opened for the first time for small farms and the march of industry which began after 1869, when the combined lure of cheap lands and easy travel over the new trans-continental railroad started the second tide of immigration to California.

The arrival of the first train was re-enacted at the 1929 Spanish Days Fiesta. The same engine that came in 1887 was used.



"Where the breaking surf limns her shoreline with a scimitar of white . . . "

Harbor of Romance

WHERE the breaking surf limns her shoreline with a scimitar of white, the romance of all the Seven Seas has ridden at anchor before the city of Santa Barbara. Out there beyond the kelp extends a dim horizon where stalk the sea-ghosts of centuries—

Brigs, and barques, and letters-of-marque
White sails across the sky.

In prehistoric ages, long before the carven figurehead of the first Spanish caravel ever had thrust keel into the swell of the Pacific, came aboriginal trading expeditions across the Channel from the Islands in boats made of animal skins, and plank canoes caulked with asphaltum, and what other adventurous prehistoric craft—who knows?

More than once unplanned voyages have been made across the Pacific to Santa Barbara by tub-like junks with sails of matting, caught in the vast surge of the Japan current. China's most ancient manuscripts hint at trans-Pacific journeys.

But the schooners, the brigantines, the sloops-of-war, the square-rigged clipper ships of Yankee traders, we know them by name, and the lore of Santa Barbara is full of brave memories of their excellent Captains.

As the day of the *Alert,* the *Pilgrim,* and the *Roxana,* with their free, bird-like passage over the water began to wane, came the dogged side-wheelers to toil and puff and wallow their way through the Channel—then there were the *Sea Bird* and the *Orizaba,* and countless others that cast anchor before the city of Santa Barbara.

Yet actually, the little seacoast town possessed no harbor. Her bay was merely a lovely curve in the shore, offering a landing place but small protection, and in the season of the famous old "southeasters," every ship rode the swells beyond the kelp with slip-chains on her cables, ready if there came a blow, to fly at a moment's warning and ride out the storm in the lee of Santa Rosa Island.

Landing or embarking via surf boats through the breakers and the kelp was the common experience, with often a salt water dip thrown in, of every traveler and trader down at least until 1865. In that year was formed *"La Compañía del Muelle de Santa Barbara"*—the pioneer Santa Barbara Wharf Company. Recognition of the city's long-standing need of a pier had drawn together in this company a group of men whose varied backgrounds and talents were strikingly illustrative of the sources of the cosmopolitan atmosphere which early distinguished the little town. J. F. Maguire, exiled Irish patriot; "Dr." P. B. Shaw, English gentleman of polished elegance; Luis Burton, Tennesseean fur-trapper and Rocky Mountain pioneer; S. B. Brinkerhoff, New York physi-

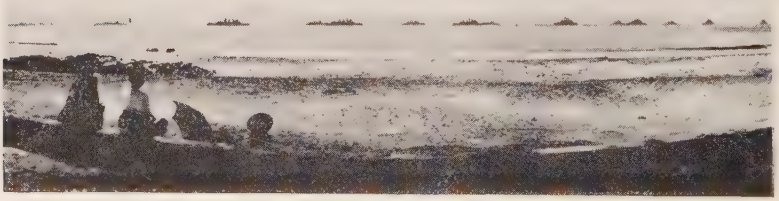
This reproduction of a Bancroft lithograph shows Santa Barbara in 1873.

cian, in California since 1852; Isaac J. Sparks, Yankee trapper and seaman, and Martin M. Kimberly, sea-captain, jointly received permission to build a wharf from the City Council of Santa Barbara on September 18, 1865.

The wharf they built was a brief, primitive affair, extending into the sea at the foot of Chapala Street. It served the city's great need but like the schooner which left the Lost Woman behind on San Nicolas Island, it could only be called "better than nothing." No vessel over one hundred tons ever dared to make fast to it. Six years later John P. Stearns, pioneer lumber dealer of Santa Barbara, sought to build a better wharf. His effort was opposed but he succeeded, and brought the new structure to completion during 1872. On September 16 of that year, the arrival of the "Anne Stoffer," first steamship to tie up to it, was considered an event worthy of celebration, and in keeping with time-honored custom "a few bottles of champagne were broken in its honor."

For fifty-six years after this noteworthy occasion, the Stearns wharf served the city of Santa Barbara, and the excellent modern wharf by which it was replaced in 1928 still commemorates the original name of that old landing-place. When the first franchise expired, the remnant of the original company was not financially able to rebuild in keeping with Santa Barbara's modern program. The wharf of today represents the vision and generosity of the following men: Max Fleischmann, Harold S. Chase, George Clyde, Peter C. Bryce, Charles Dabney, Alfred Dietrich, C. B. Raymond, Wm. R. Dickinson, Dwight Murphy.

In her fair-weather harbor, however lovely it might be to look upon, Santa Barbara's need of a breakwater was even more acute than her need for a wharf had been.



Roosevelt sent the Navy around the world in 1908. Here is the famous "White Squadron" off Santa Barbara.

CHARLES FERNALD — JOHN P. STEARNS

As County Judge (1853), Fernald was a leader in establishing order and progress. Builder of the wharf and other public improvements, Stearns was a major figure of the seventies.

During the flush of prosperity in 1873, some of the Barbareños had dreamed enthusiastically of converting the muddy old *Estero* into a deep-water harbor. The United States Congress, however, had remained unimpressed, and funds to construct a breakwater never could be found elsewhere.

Tremendous storms five years later revealed how genuine was the city's need of protection from the sea. During the December storms of 1878, more than one thousand feet of the wharf were destroyed and washed away.

Nevertheless, fifty-seven years were still to pass before a breakwater became a fact for Santa Barbara. Counting from the time when Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo had suffered such a sore need of safe anchorage off the future channel city, it is 388 years that Santa Barbara has waited for her safe harbor. In this year of 1930 it at last has come through the aid of Major Max C. Fleischmann, whose gift of $250,000, in addition to funds voted by the city, made possible the completion of the great project.

The completion of the breakwater in 1930 gave Santa Barbara a safe harbor.

" . . . one could almost imagine oneself in any of half-a-dozen New England towns . . . "

Off the Main Line

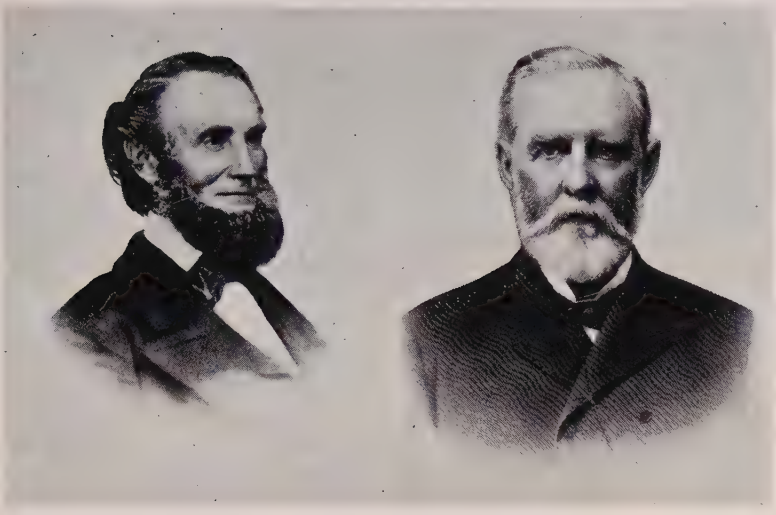
HERE in Santa Barbara, the solemn majesty of the mountains has meant more than a figure of speech — the encircling blue highlands that cherish this valley have been the arbiter of its fate.

Protective in the truest sense, they have preserved for Santa Barbara the isolation that has hedged her destiny. Both barrier and allurement, they have held off tidal waves of immigration, and admitted new life forces in a filtered steady stream, which sometimes has flowed with crystal brightness.

The selective force of this isolation began to take effect in the later sixties, when the excellent climate and beautiful surroundings of Santa Barbara attracted an extraordinarily interesting group of newcomers in spite of the difficulties of approach. In preceding decades, factors of comfort and convenience, of beaten paths, did not influence western travel, but frontier days were over now; erratic steamboat schedules and the discomforts of the stagecoach made Santa Barbara one of the remote places.

The newcomers of the late sixties possessed enterprise. Otherwise they would not have come. And they possessed talent, intellect, and culture to a high degree. They

A half-century ago people from afar came to the races at old Agricultural Park at Montecito and Haley Streets.



WILLIAM M. HOLLISTER ELLWOOD COOPER
Strong friendship existed between these two leaders. Hollister, who crossed the plains with a band of sheep in 1853, was the outstanding civic benefactor of the seventies.

were the kind of people who had civic vision and brought wealth enough into the country to give it realization.

Under the spell of the quaint, somnolent adobe town they could not fail to absorb its mood of friendliness, gayety, and honest delight in life. Its spirit of leisure wooed them, too. Yet no genuinely American group in those vitally enterprising years of the nation's life could have been without its commercial instincts.

Such men as Colonel William Hollister, Ellwood Cooper, John P. Stearns, and William M. Eddy, who were numbered among the outstanding "immigrants" of this period, brought with them the better qualities of this instinct.

The placid little California town they came to was awaiting everything in the line of "Improvement." It did not possess a wharf in its harbor for steamer landings. The inhabitants were dependent upon wells for their water supply, or purchased it at ten

"A new street railway which had been constructed from the Stearns wharf . . . up to the new Hotel Arlington was creating quite a sensation."

The original First Methodist Church, which stood at the corner of Bath Street and De la Guerra.

cents a bucket from the De la Guerra Springs. State Street, without mentioning grading or paving, had not yet been completely opened.

Under the leadership of these men progress of physical improvement became very rapid. Buildings, pavements, street lights, churches, sprang up amid a scene of activity never known before.

Architecturally, as was natural, this blossoming civic vision from the East was clothed in the fashion of the day. Santa Barbara had officially been an American city for nearly a quarter of a century. Now, with awful swiftness of transition, it became for the first time, undeniably *Gringo*.

After the Presbyterian church and the Santa Barbara College were built, one looking north on State Street from Cañon Perdido, could almost imagine oneself in any of half-a-dozen familiar New England towns, or possibly some village as far west as Illinois.

Nevertheless, these men inaugurated ventures and instituted enterprises upon which the whole growth and prosperity of the town for a great many years afterward were to be founded.

Improved communication with the outside world was the recognized major need of the city at that time. Under the impulse of this new group of leaders capital stock was speedily subscribed in the amount of $2245 to bring the first telegraph line to Santa Barbara. On September 28, 1870, the first message was received over the new line.

But the great dream and compelling hope of the city in this hour was for railroad communication. The time would come, they confidently believed, when their cherished little city of Santa Barbara might take her rightful place as one of the great commercial cities of the West. Countless public meetings were held. Subsidies were proposed. Orators declaimed brilliant prophecies of the future. "The time is not far distant," said Charles E. Huse, "when Santa Barbara will be a great city, with wharves extending into the ocean from Point Concepción to San Buenaventura!"

On May 10, 1869, the gold spike that closed the last gap in the original transcontinental railroad, the Central Pacific, was driven at Promontory, Utah, amid a glad clamor that resounded throughout the West.

Still weak after the calamitous drougth of 1864, without industries, producing nothing that profitably could be shipped in carload quantities, the cow counties offered to

Santa Barbara College was the Southland's first co-educational college, founded (1869) by the Coopers and Col. Hollister. The school failed, but the building became famous as hotel and business block under the name San Marcos.

Sara P. Cooper
Charming and scholarly, was a vital force in Santa Barbara of the seventies.

the railroad small inducement for so great an investment as five hundred miles of costly roadbed and track. Stagecoach and steamer were to remain the Southland's sole links with the East by way of San Francisco for yet another seven years after the completion of the transcontinental.

Nevertheless, it was the ambition of Santa Barbara, as of more than one other city, to become the terminus of a second transcontinental line. But of the several routes then under wide discussion, which one? That was the question. Upon it foundered the Barbareños' endeavors. Factional strife arose and at last swallowed up in dissension all hope of success for the near future.

However grand their ideas may have been for making a harbor out of the *estero,* there was little basis for attracting a railroad to Santa Barbara. Nothing was produced in quantities for exportation, the city had no hinterland beyond the mountains. It is extremely doubtful whether they would have had any chance for success, even had there been

The Anacapa Arch with the mirador, or outlook tower, under flood light.

harmony. The commercial future of their dreams was not to be for Santa Barbara.

It is rather sad, however, that those who had dreamed could not have been compensated with a view of Santa Barbara's real future, that would show to them her greater destiny as an avatar of culture and a solitary treasure-land of tradition and leisure, and other charming things that elsewhere fell before the rush of commerce, as though struck down and ground out of existence by the piston-thrust and the great steel wheels of the monster vehicle of Progress.

Then as now, even Santa Barbara had to stand fast with a will before the uninformed tenderfoot, who could devise only one solution to help him out of his unwillingness to learn new ways. The following item is from the *Morning Press* of Jan. 3, 1874:

"The old landmarks and most charming characteristics of Santa Barbara are disappearing before the march of 'improvement,' and though our practical people cannot move the mountains, nor change the scenes, nor spoil the climate, they are doing all they

The original Courthouse, which stood on site of present Courthouse; its cornerstone was laid October 7, 1872.

"Santa Barbara is the sanctuary of the soul of California."

can to despoil the quaint beauty of the place and make it just a commonplace American town.

"Now there is talk of changing the musical Spanish names of our streets into brusque, businesslike 'A,' 'B,' 'C,' First, Second, Third, etc.

"The very idea of an 'A' Street or a 'First' Street in Santa Barbara seems as inconsistent as a mathematical computation done in verse, and we think that when that change is effected Santa Barbara may be changed to 'Jonesville' and people of extremely sensitive organizations desert the village."

It was a quaint combination of bucolic contentment and metropolitan ambition that characterized the town of Santa Barbara during these years.

The *Orizaba* might be expected in the harbor about every ten days. Its schedule was not fixed and it fell into a careless habit of arriving at odd hours of the night. It was expected to come in about ten o'clock, but those who had to meet it often had to

Santa Barbara's first fire company came into existence in 1872.

"As time went on the name Arlington became almost synonymous with the name Santa Barbara." Erected in 1875, it burned down in 1909.

spend the better part of the night, sometimes even waiting until broad morning, shivering and uncomfortable on the beach. When the little steamer did come, it announced its own arrival with a jovial boom of its signal gun.

About then came the grading of State Street and the installation of a system of improved street lighting took place. The lamps were lit for the first time on Wednesday evening, February 21, 1872. In them was burned a patent gas, made from gasoline, which was brought into Santa Barbara Harbor in huge drums from the North.

During 1872 Santa Barbara's pioneer fire company came into existence. Possibly its most dramatic gesture was its magnificent disregard of all obstacles in responding to a fire on lower State Street. In the midst of the rainy season that thoroughfare had become a sea of mud which the fire engine could not traverse. Undaunted, the brave pioneers dragged their equipment onto the sidewalk, down which they raced with wild energy, toward Haley Street. Projecting veranda posts, overhanging signs of grocers'

El Mirasol Hotel, whose vine-covered bungalows command a magnificent view of the Santa Ynez Mountains.

The second Arlington carried on the finest traditions of the old Arlington.

shops, apothecaries, and lawyers' offices flew in all directions. Even the gold eagle was sacrificed from the front of the fire engine, but the brave fire laddies arrived in time to quench the flames.

Nordhoff, Pioneer Booster

DURING the winter of 1872, a writer from the East visited in Santa Barbara. His name was Charles Nordhoff. He stayed with friends at a little house on the east side of town near the ocean, and in no way would his visit have been unusual, but that at the close of it he went back East and wrote a series of articles and a book called "California — a Book for Travelers and Settlers," in which he glowingly described the climate and agricultural possibilities of Southern California.

"Santa Barbara," he declared, "is on many accounts the pleasantest of all the places I have named . . . " Most of all he was impressed by its equable climate, although he was pleased to note also that "Santa Barbara has the advantages of pleasant society and an excellent school. It is, in fact, a cozy nest of New England and Western New York people, many of whom originally came here for their health, and remain because they are charmed with the climate!" He could not fail to see, however, that "the old Spanish part of the town is an agreeable novelty to strangers" despite his evidently limited acquaintance with it and its even more agreeable people.

"Climate is Fate," said Helen Hunt Jackson. Through Nordhoff's book, which became a "best seller" the minute it appeared on the stands, he made Santa Barbara's climate her fate indeed. His description of the vale of Santa Barbara as the world's most ideal health resort

CHARLES NORDHOFF
Whose writings first called America's attention in a large way to Santa Barbara.

"Horseback riding was the chief amusement of the time, and the happiest of picnics were held as climaxes to long rides down the beach."

produced consequences which were to determine the whole course of events in Santa Barbara for the next thirty years. The winter following the appearance of this work, there set in a tide of immigration such as Santa Barbara had never known before. From tourists merely in quest of the comforts of a mild climate for the winter, to invalids in desperate condition seeking restored health, they poured into Santa Barbara by hundreds. It was not uncommon for eighty or one hundred people to disembark at Stearn's wharf each time the steamer came in. Hotel accommodations in Santa Barbara had never been in great demand, and were little enough to boast of. Now everything that could fall under that classification by any possible contrivance was filled.

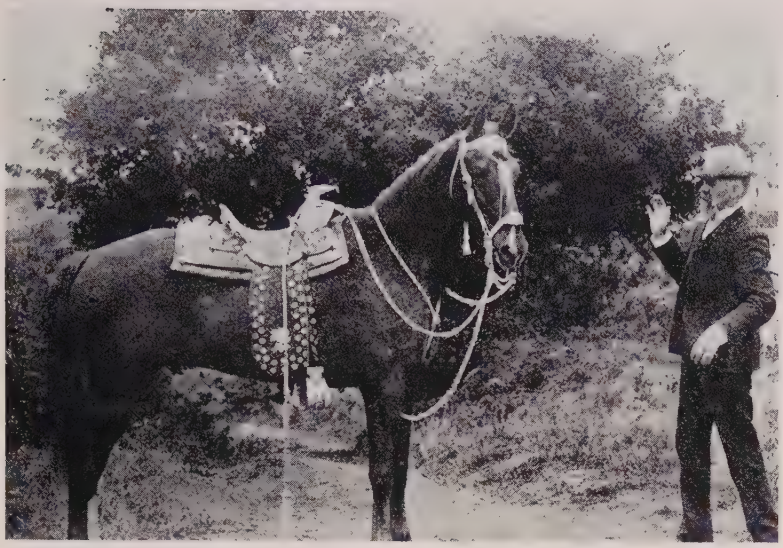
The Arlington, First Tourist Hotel

SMALL wonder that when Charles Nordhoff and his family departed for the East at the conclusion of their second visit to Santa Barbara, during the winter of 1873, the town band turned out to serenade them.

Out of the interest he had provoked was born the welter of excitement, soaring values and enthusiasm of the original tourist invasion of Southern California, antedating by almost a decade that which later, with Los Angeles as its center, provoked a boom which astonished the nation.

That unique new genus of human traveler, the tourist, which is said to have taken specific origin in Southern California, may be said to have been first recognized during this Santa Barbara immigration of 1873. And out of it was born the Southland's first tourist hotel, the celebrated and well-beloved Arlington.

Like all other major undertakings in Santa Barbara then, the Arlington was built by a stock company financed by popular subscription to which, as usual, Colonel Hollister had made the major contribution. Other promoters of the new hotel were C. E. Huse, Mortimer Cook, J. L. Barker, John Edwards, D. W. Thompson, W. A. Stanwood, J. W. Hough, and others.



Dixey W. Thompson, ". . . one of the town's most delightful personalities," managed the Arlington, Southern California's first tourist hotel. His silver-mounted saddle was famous up and down the Coast.

Subscription of stock was begun in July of 1874. July 10, 1875, the new building received its first coat of paint, and toward the end of the month a committee left for San Francisco to buy furniture for the new tourist hostelry. One hundred and seventy thousand dollars had been spent in building the new structure, now $30,000 more were expended on its furnishings.

The ninety guest rooms of the Arlington were filled all through its first season. For some reason, however, it did not pay, and, as had happened before in similar circumstances, Colonel Hollister presently found himself practically sole owner of the hotel, as he had become owner of the erstwhile College and of other institutions in the city.

Even in the Cupola Era, Santa Barbara's old adobes appealed to appreciative tourists.

The Santa Barbara Biltmore Hotel, an architectural gem, faces directly on the ocean.

Dixey Thompson, Host

TO THE position of manager of the Arlington, Hollister finally called one of the town's most delightful personalities, Dixey W. Thompson, nephew of Captain Alpheus and Captain Francis Thompson, famous in clipper ship days. Thompson's preparatory experience for the profession of hotel managing consisted in having been an

El Encanto Hotel on the Riviera commands a superb view of the sea and the Channel Islands.

Santa Barbara's Channel Drive — a typical expression of a city "spared for a finer development of the art of living."

Argonaut of 1849, acting as mate and commander of several steamers and sailing vessels, as ranchero and sheep owner on Santa Rosa Island, as landed proprietor, and a breeder of fine horseflesh. For his position as manager of the hotel, he now developed a talent which made the Arlington one of the most popular institutions of its kind that had ever existed.

The Santa Barbara Yacht Club has more than 500 members and a fleet of more than 80 craft.

"Old Matías Reyes lived in Mission Cañon. He used to bring wood to town and sell it."

As time went on the name Arlington became almost synonymous with the name Santa Barbara, and it was stated of the old hotel, "after the climate, the Arlington has done more than any other agency towards giving Santa Barbara its favorable reputation as a health-resort. The people of Santa Barbara should look with great gratitude and pride on this hotel and its beautiful grounds." So they did look upon it, and when, on August 17, 1909, thirty-four years after its gala opening, they saw it consumed by fire, they were not ashamed of the tears that came to their eyes. They mourned it as a departed friend.

On July 4, 1876, Santa Barbara echoed the general patriotic enthusiasm with which the entire nation was celebrating its one hundredth anniversary of Independence. At sunrise, through the fogs that had swept in upon the city, all the large hills surrounding

Strolling along Cabrillo Boulevard in 1899.

The Mission has ever been a great tourist attraction from the earliest days of the American occupation.

it pealed forth their patriotic thunder for half an hour. Later in the morning the populace assembled in the vicinity of the Arlington, from which point, headed by Grand Marshal Covarrúbias and his aides, a procession more than one mile in length paraded, accompanied by the high melody of three imported brass bands. They proceeded to a celebration at the grounds in the rear of the old Mission, where Judge Charles E. Huse presented an historical sketch of Santa Barbara, and other important orations were heard. The celebration ended in the evening with a grand banquet given at the Arlington Hotel.

"O tempora! O mores! Strolling along Cabrillo Boulevard in 1930.

"On the following Monday morning a grand procession opened the celebration in the town itself." The Centennial of the founding of the Mission.

The Boom Brings a Railroad

THE boom, which in 1887 and 1888 threw the rest of Southern California into a frenzy of buying and selling real estate, had but a mild reflection in case-hardened Santa Barbara, although here, too, land advanced in price and large tracts were bought up eagerly.

Eclipsing in importance all else about the boom as it affected Santa Barbara, was the fact that after many discouragements and doubts and long waiting, it brought the railroad and electric lights! The streets were first illuminated by electricity on March 19, 1887.

"Ring the Bell!" exulted the *Weekly Independent,* "Patience has its perfect work! After years of waiting Santa Barbara's millennium has arrived. Come all ye who are weary of stagecoach and saddle and ride at the rate of thirty miles an hour — so saith the Southern Pacific."

" . . . when the first train came in, the city commenced the celebration of a gigantic Jubilee." Its arrival August 20, 1887.

The Mission in the eighties.

On August 17, 1887, the Newhall Division of the Southern Pacific Railroad was completed into Santa Barbara. It only ran out to Elwood, ten miles beyond the city. Not until the coming of a new century was this line to be continued on up the coast to San Francisco. The railway had come to Santa Barbara on the crest of a wave that was nearly spent, and its last ripples only had force to carry it as far as the rancho of Elwood Cooper, 10 miles beyond Santa Barbara and 350 miles short of San Francisco.

On August 20, when the first train came in, the city commenced the celebration of a gigantic Jubilee. As the first engine, festooned in bunting, with flags flying and whistle shrieking, came down the track into Santa Barbara it was welcomed with as much enthusiasm and honor as might have been proffered an emperor. Visitors to the city, who numbered more than 5,000, were met with brass bands and conveyances and shown about the town. They treated excursionists to a resplendent procession, illustrating progress in transportation methods from burro pack train and stagecoach to steam cars, and at the head of the procession as it filed about the unpaved streets of the little country

" . . . stagecoach travel made Santa Barbara one of the Remote Places." The first train from San Francisco to Los Angeles passed through the city on March 31, 1901.

Hostesses of the reception in La Casa De la Guerra, Old Spanish Days, 1925. Señora Herminia De la Guerra Lee, Señorita Delfina De la Guerra, and Señora Francisca De la Guerra Dibblee.

town, marched the Presidio band of San Francisco. On Burton Mound long tables were spread with every good thing the women of the town could think of to prepare to banquet their 5,000 visitors.

Fourteen years later the city was to rejoice again when the road was completed to San Francisco. On March 31, 1901, the first train from the northern metropolis came through Santa Barbara on its way to Los Angeles. Its coming marked the end of

The haciendas of Old California give the architectural motif of many a present-day Santa Barbara home.

A glimpse of Santa Barbara and the sea from the Riviera, showing the High School campus in the middle foreground.

another era of waiting, the most trying hours of which had been spent by the Barbareños pacing the station platform at Saugus as they waited to transfer from the branch line to the main road.

Santa Barbara a Century Old

ONE enthusiastic day had been devoted by the Barbareños to handsome demonstrations in honor of the Nation's Centennial. Now, ten years later, they arranged a five-day program to celebrate the Centennial of their cherished city itself on the one hundredth birthday of the Mission.

On December 4, 1886, the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Mission, high ecclesiastical ceremonies took place at the ancient church itself, to which as a practical birthday tribute new roof tiles and other repairs had been added. On the following Monday morning a grand procession opened the celebration in the town itself, and for three days the people made carnival at the old pavilion and racetrack, which used to stand at the outskirts of the town on East Montecito Street.

Mayor C. A. Storke introducing President McKinley on steps of the Arlington. Secretary of State John Hay at his left.

Socially, the apex of the city's one hundred years was reached when the celebration culminated in the most radiant night of the Lobero's history, when the Spanish Ball took place, "and youth, beauty, dignity, deportment, and the utmost goodfellowship closed the century."

That night, for the first time in many years, "Old Spanish Days" lived again in Santa Barbara. The *sangre azul* was ascendent once more. Beautiful costumes of the old times were brought out from trunks where they had long lain undisturbed. The old dances were revived. Once again the graceful figures of *El Son* and *El Jarabe* were seen. Throughout all the city echoes of the past were stirred — memory brooded over the town, caressed the crumbling landmarks of adobe days, and made glamorous even the new.

The lovely interior of the old Lobero was a perfect background for the galaxy of beautiful women and aristocratic men who attended the Spanish Ball. "The balcony front was draped in Spanish colors of red and yellow, corresponding to the tint of the whole city, collectively and individually, for the past week.

President Roosevelt and Mayor George Edwards in parade May 9, 1903. In speaking that day, Roosevelt said: " . . . I am pleased to see how in your architecture and in many other ways you are keeping the touch and the flavor of the older civilization . . . "

"And the beauty of it was that the soft accents of Castile, the Spanish tongue itself, breathed through the whole. This was no fancy imagery, but a truthful historical painting in flesh, blood, voice, language and costume. The music was that of the guitar, the tunes of the olden times. The dancers saluted in Spanish, bowed in Castilian, dressed in Californian."

An Indian Dance given by descendants of the old Mission Indians, a few of whom at that time still resided in the vicinity of Santa Barbara, was the most unique feature of the evening. The Spanish Ball was not only a brilliant tribute to the past, but a revival of its very essence, and over it "lay the hallowing influence of the old Mission's birthday, the solemnization of an hundred years of toil and labor, patience and prayer."

During the first decade of her second one hundred years, Santa Barbara became stamped more definitely than ever with the shibboleths of the tourist city. Her talent for hospitality, handed down from the Hidalgo, now that she was made accessible by railroad, attracted more winter visitors than ever. After their departure, the city would recuperate from the activities of the "season" in delicious summer idleness.

Gibraltar Dam
Major unit in Santa Barbara water system; completed in 1920. George S. Edwards was President of Board of Water Commissioners during its construction.

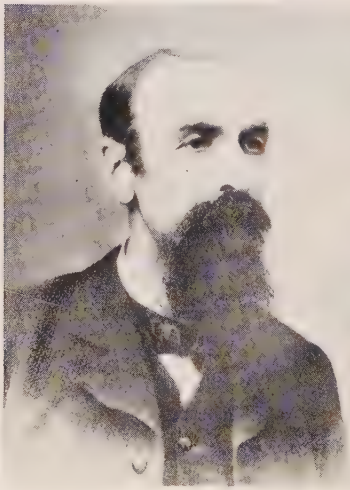
The Potter, first large tourist hotel, built by Milo Potter in 1901, established Santa Barbara as a place to play rather than to get well in.

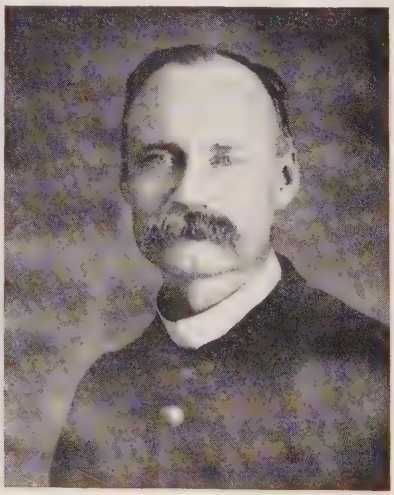
The Tourist Decades

FOR two decades after its one-hundredth birthday, Santa Barbara was completely absorbed in attending to the wants and desires of its tourists.

Apparently proceeding on the theory that the visitors would be made happiest by finding things here, excepting the climate, of course, as much as possible like what they had left back East, Santa Barbara moved rapidly down the road of standardization. *Calle del Estado,* the street named in honor of the State, became a dull and ugly "Main Street" in all but name, undistinguished from a thousand others.

A number of practical accomplishments during the period made the city more livable from the standpoint of sanitation and comfort. An excellent water system was developed, assuring an adequate supply for the growing city by means of a tunnel through the Santa Ynez Mountains, and the huge Gibraltar Dam.





J. N. Hiller — Eugene S. Sheffield

Fathers of Santa Barbara's water system. The Coldwater and Mission tunnels were completed under their direction. Water is brought through the latter from the Santa Ynez River beyond the mountains.

In full view of the ocean and the mountains polo has a perfect setting in Santa Barbara. Max Fleischmann, leading civic benefactor, on white horse.

A Park Board was appointed by Mayor George S. Edwards, and as Park Commissioner Dr. A. B. Doremus worked with tireless devotion. He accomplished much toward beautifying the city, at the Alameda and Oak Park especially, where previously there had been great dearth of water and only a little rough planting.

Also a boulevard along the shore was completed. A favorite drive in the eighties and nineties was out this road past Castle Rock and the Dibblee mansion, to the Mesa. There one had the double reward of visiting a quaint, ancient stone lighthouse and meeting a character of rare charm in the person of its keeper, Mrs. Julia F. Williams, who had helped tend the light from the time it was erected in 1856.

In 1901 Mr. Milo Potter came to Santa Barbara and inaugurated a new era in its history as a tourist town. Up to this time no effort had been made to deviate from the role of health resort in which Nordhoff had cast the budding American city. In the

Cabrillo Pavilion, gift of David Gray to Santa Barbara. Few communities have been more favored by benefactions from their wealthy citizens.

An opportunity to enjoy a taste of the life of the Old West at Santa Barbara appeals to such notable residents as William G. McAdoo.

late eighties one writer, offering what obviously was intended as a tribute, went so far as to prophesy that Santa Barbara would some day be acknowledged as "the sanatorium of the United States!"

When Potter erected his elaborate new hotel on Burton Mound he sealed up the sulphur springs which had been sought for curative baths since time immemorial—by the Indians, by scurvy-stricken sailors, by nineteenth century tourists—and ushered Santa Barbara into her true destiny as a place for recreation and outdoor life.

Of far greater importance than these things during those years of flux in the tide of tourists, was the accumulation of a strong new element in the city's permanent population. They represented a superior group from among the winter guests, who one after another came back and sought homes in the sunlit valley. They were people who "appreciated the opportunity of retiring, with an ocean to look upon, a mountain to lean upon, a sunny plain upon which to build a home and coax a garden of flowers."

In Montecito they found already the nucleus of what they were seeking—garden-framed homes, a tradition of refinement and culture, room for wooded estates. Distinguished even beyond the oak-studded valley of Santa Barbara for the beauty and profuseness of its tree-growth, its undulent landscape, its secret alluring cañons, the place had been named "El Montecito"—the little forest—by early Spanish explorers.

Although in the fifties and sixties it had been the rendezvous of horse thieves and other desperadoes, they had been disposed of, and changing times brought small farms and fruit ranches. By 1888 it was described truthfully as "a villa region of blossoming gardens and green lawns." Wilbur Curtiss, who settled there in 1855, is said to have been the first American resident of Montecito. Another pioneer settler was Colonel W. A. Haynes, a son of Daniel Webster's opponent in the great orator's most famous debate. On Hot Springs Road the Colonel built a great old-fashioned Southern house and developed the first landscaped garden of the region. Very soon he acquired a group of distinguished neighbors, all equally devoted to their gardens—Colonel Bond, who, it is said, would willingly go hungry to buy a rare plant; Judge and Mrs. Hall; Mr. and Mrs. William M. Eddy.

Without exception, the newcomers looked upon Santa Barbara as the center of their social and business life. Thus, in 1869, was established the tradition of Montecito as a suburban region of beautiful homes and exquisite gardens, and the habit among its

Montecito Country Club. Golf and country club life have long formed a large part of the daily habits of many Santa Barbarans.

residents of taking part in the life of Santa Barbara. Communication between the two points was not quite as rapid then, when horses were used, as now, but the road was more direct, cross-country. There was only one fence and not a bridge between the two settlements.

The Community Arts Association

SERENE as the atmosphere of Santa Barbara is, idleness is not the Barbareños custom. Here leisure, wealth and culture have been accompanied by creative enterprise unusual in that it has been so universally directed into channels of civic development and community effort. Through the varied activities of both native and adopted Barbareños, Santa Barbara has been revealed as genuinely *tierra adorada*—a beloved land, which has been favored beyond precedent by the devotion of those who cherish it.

Many years ago General Mariano Vallejo, famed Governor of the Province in Spanish days, expressed its spell when he wrote on the subject of regard for this city to a friend in Santa Barbara: "I will tell you the truth, . . . I am as lonesome for Santa Barbara as one of her own sons would be; to be perfectly clear I must say it in English: I have for Santa Barbara 'homesik.'"

It was prophesied by one visitor fifty-six years ago that here would be drawn "the poet, the artist, and the scholar . . . as by a magnet." That has come true. More than that, the beloved city has attracted equally a unique group of friends of art. Their forces have been drawn together in what is known as the Community Arts Association, organized in 1922, in which participation and patronage have shared importance. The history of the men and women allied with this group, their aspirations and joint efforts, were almost the history of Santa Barbara in the last decade.

The Community Arts movement began formally in August, 1920, with the organization of what is now the Drama Branch. It consistently presented "community theatre" productions of a very high type and won widespread recognition. It seemed very new but tradition was perhaps stronger behind it than was at first realized.

Most of the members knew and remembered Mrs. Miller Graham's little private theatre in Montecito. Many of them had appeared on its boards. Probably none of them knew of the Shakespearian performance got up in the town eighty-eight years ago, in 1842, by one W. D. M. Howard and John C. Jones. Few of this group, ten years

The new Lobero Theater. Out of its opening in 1924 grew the idea of Santa Barbara's now famous "Old Spanish Days" fiesta.

ago, were acquainted with the story of José Lobero and what may justly be termed the first community theatre in California, if not in the entire United States.

Back there in the sixties Italy, as well as many other nations, had contributed to the forming of cosmopolitan Santa Barbara, when José Lobero drifted in from nowhere, unheralded, and presently illumined the whole texture of the town with the flash of his genius.

At the corner of State Street and Cañon Perdido, he opened a saloon. That was in 1864. As tavern-keeper he made a great success and a fortune with which to finance his extraordinary range of talents.

Out of a community almost completely untutored in music, although possessing native talent for it, he produced an orchestra in which he himself played. That was not enough, for he composed some of their music and he was their soloist. His inspiration spread over the entire town. He recruited casts from the community and plunged into grand opera. He designed costumes and stage sets, trained and directed his company, supplied the orchestra, and himself sang the leading roles, — all for the love of doing.

Then he dreamed a theatre into being, receiving financial backing from the ever-helpful Colonel Hollister. Its foyer and balcony were devised out of an old adobe schoolhouse called the Sebastopol, which had been built in the fifties. With this to start on, Lobero's genius created not merely a playhouse, but a place of wonder and enchantment at which seasoned theatre-goers from large cities marvelled.

The Lobero Theatre was opened on Washington's birthday, 1872, with a resplendent ball. Its first theatrical performance was an opera, not only directed and produced, but composed also by the versatile young Italian director. The theatre at once became the center of social life in the city, and remained so for years afterward, but the man whose genius had made it lost his fortune and sank into obscurity.

Lobero's brilliance was a short-lived flame, but there was a divine spark to it that kept on glowing long after his passing and still brightens the tradition of the city today. When, in 1924, the Community Arts Association had attained size and prestige which demanded a theatre of its own, its members were won by this tradition and secured the "old Lobero."

Unfortunately, it was found that the venerable building could not be restored satisfactorily. The handsome structure of today replaced it, but the glamour of Lobero's picturesque figure and inspiration lingered, and has been transmitted somewhat into the "new Lobero."

Old Lobero Theater, which stood on site of present Lobero, was the center of social life in the seventies, and home of California's first "Community Theater."

"Old Spanish Days" Live Again

AS COMPLETION of the new Lobero drew near, in the summer of 1924, it was desired to open it with some kind of a celebration in which the entire community could take part.

This was the origin of Santa Barbara's "Old Spanish Days" fiesta. Out of a few half-formed ideas and a small committee meeting held in the Comandante Gumecindo Flores adobe at the corner of Carrillo and Santa Barbara Streets, the project expanded into a spontaneous community expression, of proportions that amazed its projectors. So strong a thing did it become in that first summer that it survived unavoidable postponement in 1925, and was repeated with more enthusiasm than ever in 1926.

Love of fiestas and pageants out-of-doors comes down to the Barbareños, as to all Californians, from Provincial days. But a great many years had passed since Santa Barbara had witnessed anything of this kind. At first the people did not respond. Conservative Americans and descendants of the old Spanish families alike feared the thing might prove to be a travesty upon traditions they held sacred.

Those who brought about the first "Old Spanish Days," as the fiesta was named at the suggestion of Michael J. Phillips, a writer, had certain things clearly established from the outset, however. Commercialism and tawdriness were rigidly prohibited. "Old Spanish Days" was designed not to be a show, but a real fiesta for the people of Santa Barbara and their friends.

With J. William MacLennan as a chief organizer, Charles Pressley as the first President, Dwight Murphy, Sam Stanwood, Wilson Dibblee, the Camarillos, father and son, grooming splendid

JOSE LOBERO
". . . illumined the town . . . with his genius."

County Supervisor Sam J. Stanwood
Native of Santa Barbara; "wheel horse" of many civic enterprises.

horses and assembling antique conveyances for the pageant, with Herbert Nunn, City Manager, lending the power and assistance of the city, — all giving their entire energies and faith into the project, "Old Spanish Days" was fired with the spirit of reality.

The fiesta spirit awoke through the town slowly at first. Even on the morning of the street pageant little enthusiasm was in evidence. There was no unusual movement on the streets during the early hours, while at the assembling place men frantically searched for costumes that would fit, brought mounts into line, and made ready a collection of carriages, stagecoaches and *carretas* such as had not been gathered together before in half a century.

By the time this first gay picture of old times began its parade down State Street enthusiasm was mounting rapidly. That afternoon at a reception at the De la Guerra House more than one hundred representatives of early Spanish families, besides many guests, were present in costume, with Doña Acacia Oreña de Ricard as official hostess, and Doña Francisca De la Guerra Dibblee as Señora de la Casa. Once again the adobe walls rang with laughter and music such as had filled the house when the wedding of Alfred Robinson with Anita De la Guerra was witnessed there by Richard Henry Dana in 1836.

Ancient dances were revived under the direction of Doña María de los Angeles Ruiz, and those who had not thought of the steps for years joined in them. Doña María Antonia Arata y Jimeno, 89 years of age, sang with art and charm songs of Mission days, taught to her by Padre Narciso Durán, last of the original friars.

Before the three days of the first fiesta were over it had reached a pitch of spontaneity rarely experienced in a sophisticated age. The town was ablaze with color,

The new Santa Barbara Courthouse, dedicated on August 14, 1929, is looked upon as one of the most notable public buildings in America.

Participation of such men as the Camarillos and their entries of magnificent horses have put the spirit of reality into "Old Spanish Days."

everybody wore costume of some description to express a sense of participation in the joyful affair. Not a scrap of yellow or red of any material, nor anything that bore resemblance to a sombrero was left in the stores. "Old Spanish Days" had aroused a latent force in Santa Barbara that swept things far beyond the first expectation of Hamilton McFadden, Community Arts Director, when he called a committee to help plan the opening of the new Lobero Theatre.

Is it any wonder that Santa Barbara has won so many National awards in small-home contests?

"A Street in Spain" is shown to President and Mrs. Hoover by those who made the dream a reality — Mr. Bernard Hoffmann, at extreme right; Mrs. Hoffmann, behind Mrs. Hoover.

The spirit that produced this popular success was not of instantaneous origin. It was the result of a growing feeling for tradition, which was being stirred by the activities of another branch of the Community Arts Association, the Plans and Planting Committee, organized by Bernard Hoffmann in 1922.

The Plans and Planting Committee

NEARLY fifty years before this organization took place, there had been a violent contest between "up-town" and "down-town" sections of Santa Barbara. Imposing but ugly brick fronts of the Cupola Era were put up along State Street at either end of the town, in the vicinity of the Arlington and at the beach near the wharf. In the course of the struggle, two leading citizens, one determined to boom "up-town," one determined on "down-town" growth, suffered great losses. Then both sides gave in and began growing towards each other.

Court of the San Marcos office building, which stands on site of old Santa Barbara College. "Santa Barbara does not confine its achievements in architecture and landscaping to its residential districts."

But in the middle there remained always an incurable gap. It lay not on the outskirts, but in the logical center of the city, next door to the City Hall, between it and the Courthouse. It was a gap where, despite all the efforts of exponents of false fronts and turrets, — dilapidated, yet appealing, bits of old adobes, glimpses of tiled roofs, shadowed verandas, persisted.

In the Plans and Planting Committee at last appeared those who had the courage and appreciation to declare that gap in the urbanity of Santa Barbara more attractive than the whole length of its custom-bound main street. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Hoffmann made it possible to challenge the unmitigated ugliness of that street by restoring the most famous of the adobes, the De la Guerra House, creating, with it as a nucleus, a magnificent demonstration of what Santa Barbara might do with an architecture of her own, built up on traditional forms, appropriate to the landscape and the climate.

It began to appear as though Santa Barbara had acquired a group of adopted children who had fallen "more in love with Spanish California than were many of the Spanish-Californians themselves." This energetic and creative company had ambitions beyond the De la Guerra Studios.

Besides superior natural history exhibits, Santa Barbara's Museum contains authoritative data on the Chumash Indians who occupied the Channel Island region. They numbered more than 20,000.

Charles Lummis, famous propagandist of the traditions of the Southwest, caught their spirit and, in the enthusiasm of it, prepared a stirring sermon for all those who loved the city, taking his text from Theodore Roosevelt — *"Don't let them skin Santa Barbara of its romance!"*

"Stand fast, Santa Barbara!" he cried. "Romance is the greatest asset of California. Santa Barbara is its legitimate and favorite heiress — beauty and sane sentiment are good business, as well as good ethics. Carelessness, ugliness, blind materialism are bad business. The ideal lasts longer than anything you can buy or sell or build. . . . You hold the last trench of *that* California which has shone for centuries in song and story, which has fascinated the world and put a new sentiment and beauty in American life. It is up to you, both to *save Santa Barbara romantic, and save California's romance in Santa Barbara.*"

March 24, 1925, the newspapers of the city asked editorially, "If every building along each side of State Street, from the wharf to the upper end, were in Colonial Mission, would it be worth anything to Santa Barbara? It can't all be done in a week,

A bridle path in the hills back of Santa Barbara.

a month or a year, but some day all of State Street can present an unbroken appearance in architecture typical of Santa Barbara and suitable to its surroundings."

"The Architect of the Mountains"

THREE months later, almost to the day, opportunity to carry out this dream of a re-created city was brought to Santa Barbara by an agent whose aid would not have been invited, even for so great a civic vision.

Shortly after half-past six on the morning of June 29, 1925, Santa Barbara was rocked by earthquake. The same force that had built up the mountains of her pride now tried her strength and courage. Into the chanting of Mass at the Mission broke the wild clamor of bells out of season and a deafening roar, as the stones of the ancient towers and facade were loosened and crashed down in heaps upon the stone steps. Clouds of dust filled the air, and vibrated to the heaving earth and the clamor of falling

An auto highway now covers the route of the old stagecoach line from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara.

The Blaksley Botanic Garden, the thirty-acre "outdoor wing" of the Museum of Natural History, is the gift of Anna Blaksley Bliss in memory of her father, Henry Blaksley.

buildings throughout the city as the weakness of certain "economies" of construction starkly were betrayed.

The people of Santa Barbara looked upon the ruins, gave thanks that fire also had not scourged them, and set energetically about the problem of reconstruction. It was the great crisis in the history of the community. Other cities similarly have been shaken and similarly their people have displayed great courage, humanity, and loyalty in their trials. The measure of Santa Barbara's greatness was in what she did *afterward*.

A corridor of the Courthouse.

The Superior Court rooms, like the Courthouse itself, rise far above the commonplace in public building architecture.

Nineteen years before, Hubert Howe Bancroft had cried out to the people of San Francisco, urging them to build a more beautiful, as well as more sturdy city, upon the ruins of the old. "Be it remembered," he had said, "that whatever San Francisco, her citizens and her lovers, do now or neglect to do . . . will be felt for good or ill to remotest ages. . . . Of what avail are art and architecture if they may not be employed in a cause like this? Here is an opportunity which the world has never before witnessed!"

But Bancroft exhorted in vain.

In Santa Barbara the work of the builders of the De la Guerra Studios and the Lobero Theatre had prepared the way. The people of Santa Barbara listened to this message. It was repeated by the voice of a Board of Architectural Review and an Architectural Advisory Committee, formed to meet the situation.

Too much praise cannot be given to these boards, or to the people who made them possible (for they were financed by private means), or to the staunch leadership and clear vision of Bernard Hoffmann, for the work of restoration. Their efforts met with normal opposition. Their work was not easy. Finally the boards were dissolved, but not until they had transformed Santa Barbara's central thoroughfare into the most beautiful and distinctive business street in Southern California.

" . . . they had transformed Santa Barbara's central thoroughfare into the most beautiful and distinctive business street in Southern California."

Free plans and advice were provided through these organizations, a practice which is continued at the present by the Plans and Planting Committee of the Community Arts Association, under the very able direction of Miss Pearl Chase. It was shown by them, with the help of one among many major cooperating commercial and industrial corporations, that even a roundhouse could be made a thing of beauty. Santa Barbara's

"*Calle del Estado* became a 'Main Street' in all but name, undistinguished from a thousand others . . . " "They challenged its unmitigated ugliness."

" . . . a monument to the devotion and heroic efforts of those who made its preservation possible . . . "

roundhouse looks from the boulevard like the outer wall of an arena of Seville, especially during fiestas when banners and pennants fly above it. Such accomplishments have inspired a recent writer to say: "Present-day Santa Barbara is perhaps California's happiest weave of old Spanish traditions, modern community spirit, and progressive city building . . . refreshingly different from the typical American small city. Its citizens have set out to make the community not only beautiful, but distinctive."

As to the future, so noteworthy has Santa Barbara's accomplishment been up to this point, that she needs now to take pains to maintain her leadership among other cities stimulated by her example.

One thing remained to be done — restoration of Santa Barbara's proudest possession, its old Mission. All but exhausted by the burden of restoration within itself, the city was slow to take up the task. The story of this final achievement is a drama in itself, with Edward L. Doheny, Chairman of the State Committee; Dwight Murphy, Chairman of the Local Committee; Father Augustine Obrecht, Miss Anna McCoughey, and many others, in leading roles that demanded all their faith, tact and energy.

Today the Mission stands not only as an example of ancient glory, but as a monument to the devotion and heroic efforts of those who made its preservation possible, and the wisdom and care of those who supervised its reconstruction.

By the summer of 1926 restoration of Mission and city was complete. The excellence of the finished work caused Santa Barbara even to be thankful for her earthquake.

Santa Barbara, resurgent, celebrated her second fiesta that August. A pageant at the restored Mission inaugurated the festivities which reflected in triumphal measures the joy and satisfaction of a noble work completed.

Now each year, when Santa Barbara brings back to life with gracious magic three of her choicest Old Spanish Days and makes fiesta in their honor, she reasserts her primacy as a city of thoughtfulness and culture, and confirms her priceless legacy of tradition.

[Finis]

Banking Room, Santa Barbara Branch, Security-First National Bank

The Security-First National Bank in Santa Barbara

THE Santa Barbara Branch of the Security-First National Bank has taken a strong part in the civic life and growth of Santa Barbara since 1886. On September 16, 1930, it will celebrate the forty-fourth anniversary of its founding. During these forty-four years it has kept pace with the progress of its community and woven the threads of its career closely into the fabric of the city's history.

When the Bank first opened as the "Santa Barbara Savings Bank," articles of incorporation were signed by John H. Redington, Walter H. Hawley, James W. Calkins, A. L. Anderson, Joseph W. Cooper, Salmon R. Weldon, and George W. Coffin. Mr. Coffin was the first President of the new Bank, which occupied small quarters in a building at the corner of State and Victoria Streets.

In 1888 it was decided to enlarge the scope of the institution, and it was reorganized under the name of "The Commercial Bank." In June of that year deposits were about $9,348. By December 31 they had increased to $78,799. Their increase since that time has indexed the progressive prosperity of Santa Barbara.

George S. Edwards was elected a Director of the Commercial Bank in 1887. Three years later he became its President, remaining at the helm for forty years thereafter until his deeply regretted death, which occurred on July 15. In the year that he became President the Bank moved into its second home, at 826 State Street, and paid the first dividend to its stockholders. Dividends have been declared with unfailing regularity since then.

A program of expansion was initiated by the Bank in 1920. Its functions had been increased previously, so that it was under the name "Commercial Trust and Savings Bank" that it took over the Lompoc Valley Bank, the Lompoc Valley Savings Bank and the Commercial and Savings Bank of Carpinteria. Two years later, in 1922, the enlarged Commercial Bank joined forces with the great institution known today as the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles. It became its Santa Barbara Branch, and since then has been regarded as one of the strongest and most valued units in a noted banking system, the tenth largest in the entire nation, with 700,000 depositors and deposits well over a half-billion dollars.

Co-operation always has been a strong characteristic of the relations which have existed between the Santa Barbara banks. When the earthquake of 1925 threw the city into temporary chaos, the Santa Barbara Branch of Security-First National acted promptly on this old tradition. It was first in the field with offers of financial aid which ran into millions. On the afternoon of June 29, when it appeared that the banks of Santa Barbara might limit operations until rebuilding would permit opening under more nearly normal conditions, George S. Edwards took the leadership in the stand that the banks must not fail their community in a crisis. Every Santa Barbara Bank opened the next morning in temporary quarters, and all functioned uninterruptedly during the period of reconstruction.

DWIGHT MURPHY
Chairman of Executive Board

The community and the Bank are fortunate in the selection of Dwight Murphy as George Edwards' successor as Chairman of the Executive Board of the Santa Barbara Branch. The devotion Mr. Murphy has shown to civic projects proclaims him a leader with the same high ideals of service for which the former first officer was beloved. In recognition of Mr. Murphy's work in 1927 he was awarded the Frederic Forest Peabody Memorial medal, annually presented to the community's most useful citizen. The year 1927 marked the first time it was given.

Mr. Murphy's activities have been not less extensive but increasingly important since that date, and it is with pride and satisfaction that the Security-First National Bank announces his election.

Santa Barbara Branch, Security-First National Bank

The Security-First National Bank Thanks You

THE romance and charm of Santa Barbara's history were strikingly revealed by the written records consulted in preparing this book. Far more striking was the revelation made by the people whose co-operation made its production possible. The generous aid they extended was a living demonstration that the spirit of Old California is not simply the pleasant tradition of a vanished day, but an abiding reality in Santa Barbara.

The Security-First National Bank is especially indebted to the following for information and for permission to reproduce treasured pictures: Edson Smith, Miss Rosario Curletti, Miss Delfina De la Guerra, Mrs. G. R. Luton, Mrs. J. M. Williamson, Caesar Lataillade, J. William MacLennan, Miss Anna E. McCaughey; Mrs. Frances B. Linn and Mrs. Frances Graves, Santa Barbara Public Library; Miss Laura C. Cooley, Los Angeles Public Library; E. L. Cochran, Miss Jessum, Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce; Ralph Hoffmann, D. B. Rogers, Santa Barbara Museum; Mr. Holt, The Daily News; G. A. Martin, The Morning Press; Sam Stanwood, Charles Pressley, Father Zephyrin Englehardt, Owen O'Neill, Mrs. Matilda Carteri, Miss Elizabeth Mason, V. E. Trace, Mrs. Milo Potter, Mrs. Ellen Baxley, Henry Cooper, Mrs. W. M. Eddy, C. A. Storke, Raymond B. Romero, Miss Kate Harkness, Paul E. Stewart, Raymond B. Hutchings, Mrs. Byron Abraham, Miss Pearl Chase, Arthur Ellis, F. N. Van Den Berg, C. C. Pierce, Oliver Bainbridge, S. B. Taggart, and many others who granted interviews. The modern photographic studies are by J. Walter Collinge, Carl Obert, Dwight Faulding, Mrs. Henry L. Curtis and Jessie Tarbox Beals.

Sources consulted included: Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California; Quarterly of the California Historical Society; Bulletin of the Seismological Society of America; *Lybro de Acuerdos del Ayuntamiento de Santa Barbara;* Minutes of the Common Council, Santa Barbara; Files of the Santa Barbara *Gazette, Morning Press, Daily News, Independent,* and the *Land of Sunshine;* pamphlets and original documents in private collections; Mason, Storke, Phillips, Histories of Santa Barbara County; Caballería y Colell, History of Santa Barbara; Hawley, Early Days of Santa Barbara; Southworth, Santa Barbara and Montecito; Rogers, Prehistoric Indians of the Santa Barbara Channel; Englehardt, Mission Santa Barbara; Duhaut-Cilly, Account of California, 1826; Robinson, Life in California; Bell, Reminiscences of a Ranger; Newmark, Sixty Years in Southern California; Nordhoff, California—a Book for Travelers and Settlers; Lindley and Widney, California of the South; Peixotto, Romantic California; Roosevelt, California Addresses; Bancroft, History of California, California Pastoral, Some Cities and San Francisco; Chapman, History of California, Spanish Period; Cleland, History of California, American Period; Eldredge, History of California; Richman, California Under Spain and Mexico; Kennedy, The Contest for California in 1861; Ellison, The Movement for State Division; Cleland and Hardy, March of Industry; Taylor, Land of Homes; Sanchez, Spanish Arcadia; Hunt and Ament, Oxcart to Airplane.

Queen of the Missions

THE late "Don Carlos" Lummis once declared that the Padres never blundered practically or artistically in the selection of sites for their Missions. "They unerringly chose from the California wilderness the garden spots, and a hundred years of experiment have failed to find anything better than their first judgment," he said.

Mission Santa Barbara, now 144 years old, has never been allowed to fall into decay or disuse, and alone among its sister institutions along El Camino Real, it has ever kept its altar candles burning. No Mission has housed more worshippers or attracted more visitors.

Indeed, the unerring Franciscans showed their rarest judgment when they selected its site and raised its cross to the heavens.

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